THE American Scholar

A QUARTERLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT THINKER

Summer • 1958

The Primacy of Politics — *William G. Carleton*

Religion and the Younger Generation — *Stanley J. Rowland, Jr.*

Backgrounds for Two Reigns — *Louis Kronenberger*

Intellectualism on the Economic Front — *Edwin G. Nourse*

Reminiscences of Proust — *Jacques Porel*

Letter from Finland — *Sol Worth*

and

Summer Reading

Recommended by the Editorial Board

PRICE ONE DOLLAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OXFORD books of exceptional interest

The History of Fanny Burney

By JOYCE HEMLOW

"This is as fine a literary biography as has appeared in a long time. Joyce Hemlow's scholarship is deep and broad, her style a delight; and her sympathy for Fanny Burney is perceptively warm yet objective. As a literary biography and history, Miss Hemlow's book is a triumph."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $8.50

Jean Giraudoux: The Making of a Dramatist

By DONALD INSKIP

An enthusiastic appraisal of the influential French playwright whose plays, such as *Ondine, The Madwoman of Chaillot, Tiger at the Gates,* are receiving ever-increasing appreciation throughout the English-speaking world. Illustrated. $4.75

The Life of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

By ROBERT HALSBAND

"Her definitive biography."—CHARLES POORE, *N. Y. Times.* "A remarkably clear and detailed impression of this contradictory woman . . . will at once satisfy the scholar and delight the general reader."—*Saturday Review.* Illustrated. $7.00

The Diaries of John Ruskin

Volume II—1848-1873

Edited by JOAN EVANS and JOHN HOWARD WHITEHOUSE

This second volume of a three volume work is drawn entirely from the manuscripts purchased by the late Mr. Whitehouse at the Brantwood sale of 1931. Volume I, 1835-1847 is still available. 26 plates. $11.20

At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New HARPER TORCHBOOKS

LIBRARY-SIZE PAPERBACKS

G. G. COULTON: ***Medieval Faith and Symbolism.*** *88 illustrations.* The extent to which medieval art communicated the fundamentals of the Christian faith.
464 pages. TB/25 $1.85

G. G. COULTON: ***The Fate of Medieval Art in the Renaissance and Reformation.*** *27 illustrations.* Coulton in this book traces the complex process of "Gothic decay." "A learned and exhaustive survey."—*Apollo.*
256 pages. TB/26 $1.35

MARTIN BUBER: ***Moses: The Revelation and the Covenant.*** "A fascinating attempt to depict the historical Moses."—DAVID DAUBE, Regius Professor, Oxford
224 pages. TB/27 $1.25

F. H. HEINEMANN: ***Existentialism and the Modern Predicament.*** A definitive survey of the origins, achievements and prospects of existentialism. 242 pages. TB/28 $1.25

JOSIAH ROYCE: ***The Religious Aspect of Philosophy.*** "A landmark in the development of contemporary thought."—GABRIEL MARCEL.
504 pages. TB/29 $1.75

ROLAND H. BAINTON: ***The Travail of Religious Liberty.*** A discussion of the conflicts between individual conscience and corporate society. 272 pages. TB/30 $1.45

ALEXANDRE KOYRE: ***From the Closed World to the Infinite Universe.*** The intellectual and spiritual revolution underlying contemporary science. 320 pages. TB/31 $1.60

Just Published

SOREN KIERKEGAARD: ***Edifying Discourses: A Selection.*** "No one can understand Kierkegaard's authorship unless he fathoms also these discourses."—PAUL L. HOLMER in the Introduction. 288 pages. TB/32 $1.45

EDWARD BURNETT TYLOR: ***The Origins of Culture.*** A reprint of an epoch-making study in the roots of human language, thought, art, myth, mathematics and science. *Part I of Primitive Culture.* 448 pages. TB/33 $1.75

EDWARD BURNETT TYLOR: ***Religion in Primitive Culture.*** The monumental exposition of Tylor's doctrine of animism. *Part II of Primitive Culture.* 576 pages. TB/34 $1.95

ERICH PRZYWARA: ***An Augustine Synthesis.*** "Discerning and generous selections from the works of St. Augustine."—CARL MICHALSON, *Drew Theological Seminary Gateway.* 512 pages. TB/35 $1.95

FRIEDRICH SCHLEIERMACHER: ***On Religion: Speeches to its Cultured Despisers.*** "One is enthralled by his daring attempt to lead an age weary of religion back to its very mainsprings."—RUDOLF OTTO in the Introduction. 320 pages. TB/36 $1.60

EDWARD GIBBON: ***The End of the Roman Empire in the West.*** The climactic portion of *The Decline and Fall* in the J. B. Bury edition, with full notes, appendices and 20 full-page plates.
560 pages. TB/37 $1.95

WILHELM WINDELBAND: ***A History of Philosophy: I, Greek, Roman, and Medieval.*** "A classic . . . shows in a brilliant way the life of philosophic thought from century to century."—PAUL TILLICH.
383 pages. TB/38 $1.75

WILHELM WINDELBAND: ***A History of Philosophy: II, Renaissance, Enlightenment, and Modern.*** "Profound and advanced insight into the course of recent thought."—THEODOR MERZ. 384 pages. TB/39 $1.75

At your bookseller

For a complete list of Harper Torchbooks, address Dept. 36,

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SIX OUTSTANDING STUDIES of French and American Authors

THE WIDE WORLD OF JOHN STEINBECK

By Peter Lisca

In this first full-length critical study of Steinbeck, the author carefully analyzes the novels, showing the biographical connection between them and illustrating the changes in Steinbeck's style and the growth of his ideas. Written simply, and containing much unpublished original material, this book will appeal to every Steinbeck reader. $5.00

WILLIAM FAULKNER:

New Orleans Sketches

Introduction by Carvel Collins

Carvel Collins, who has been called "Faulkner's best-informed critic", finds significance in Faulkner's first professional fiction. These first stories and sketches illustrate the origin of Faulkner's themes, materials, and stylistic elements. ". . . indispensable . . . full both of helpful information and fine insight."—PAUL ENGLE, *The Chicago Tribune* $4.50

AN AGE OF FICTION:

The French Novel from Gide to Camus

By Germaine Brée and Margaret Guiton

Setting out to create a new image of man, twentieth century French novelists produced exciting innovations in form, content, and attitudes. This illuminating study of twenty of these novelists focuses persistently on their themes and literary achievements. ". . . alert, lively . . . stimulating . . ."—W. M. FROHOCK, *New York Times Book Review*. ". . . will hold an honored place . . . for a long time to come."—LEON EDEL $5.00

SCANDAL and PARADE

The Theater of Jean Cocteau

By Neal Oxenhandler

In this first book-length English analysis of Cocteau, the author appropriately uses the theater as the focus for his study. ". . . the author deserves credit for his objectivity. . . . The best study we have seen of Cocteau the dramatist."—JUSTIN O'BRIEN, *New York Times Book Review* $5.00

THE UNHEROIC HERO

in the Novels of Stendhal, Balzac and Flaubert

By Raymond Giraud

The effect of anti-bourgeois sentiment of the nineteenth century on three great French novelists is here assessed for the first time. The core of the book is Dr. Giraud's critical study of Stendhal's *Lucien Leuwen*, Balzac's *Cesar Birotteau*, and Flaubert's *L'Education Sentimentale*. He finds in each a true hero, even though they seem unheroic through the weak, inactive, masked or suppressed virtues then demanded from a bourgeois. $5.00

THE AMERICAN HENRY JAMES

By Quentin Anderson

A NEW kind of James book—one that contends that Henry James, even though he lived in England and traveled on the Continent most of his adult life, was never essentially an expatriate. Professor Anderson's thesis is that James's Americanism and his heritage from his father were essential to his art. Whatever controversy this book arouses among James scholars, it is sure to provide his readers with a more coherent approach to his work. $6.50

At all bookstores

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Brunswick • New Jersey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE
American Scholar

A QUARTERLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT THINKER
PUBLISHED FOR GENERAL CIRCULATION BY
PHI BETA KAPPA

In the right state the scholar is *Man Thinking.*
—EMERSON

EDITORIAL BOARD

JACQUES BARZUN
PAUL H. DOUGLAS
LOREN EISELEY
RICHARD HOFSTADTER
RANDALL JARRELL
JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

MARGARET MEAD
SAUNDERS REDDING
DAVID RIESMAN
RICHARD ROVERE
HARLOW SHAPLEY
IRITA VAN DOREN

HIRAM HAYDN, *Editor*
WILLIAM T. HASTINGS, *Consulting Editor*
GUY STANTON FORD, *Consulting Editor*
BETSY SAUNDERS, *Managing Editor*

Staff
DOROTHY KERR KATHLEEN COOMES JANET DYE

Published quarterly since 1932 by Phi Beta Kappa. *Publication Office*: Box 2-W, Richmond 5, Virginia. *Editorial and Circulation Offices*: 1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington 9, D. C. *Subscription Rates*: $1.00 a copy, $4.00 one year, $7.00 two years, $9.00 three years, foreign and Canadian—$.50 a year additional for postage. *Advertising Office*: 217 Canner Street, New Haven 11, Connecticut. *National Retail Distributor*: B. DeBoer, 102 Beverly Road, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Second-class mail privileges authorized at Richmond, Virginia. Printed by The William Byrd Press, Inc., Richmond, Virginia. Copyright 1958 by the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by return postage. No responsibility is assumed for their loss or injury, or for the views expressed in articles published.

Advertising Representative: MRS. WILLIAM A. JAMES
217 Canner Street, New Haven 11, Connecticut

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Axis Alliance and Japanese-American Relations, 1941

By PAUL W. SCHROEDER

WINNER of the 1956 Beveridge Award of the American Historical Association, this volume is a persuasive analysis of a controversial chapter in American history. Mr. Schroeder examines thoroughly and intelligently the role of the Tripartite Alliance in Japanese-American relations before the outbreak of war, and favors the view that American policy in the latter half of 1941 was a mistake. Skillfully stressing the strong influence of public opinion, he places responsibility for America's "too hard and rigid" policy not on the Administration and a party only, but on the whole nation. *254 pages,* $4.50

The Co-operative Movement in Indonesia

By MOHAMMAD HATTA. *Introduction by* ROESLI RAHIM
Edited by GEORGE McT. KAHIN, *Cornell University*

ONCE again in today's news from Indonesia is the name of former Vice-President Mohammad Hatta—"The Father of the Indonesian Co-operative Movement." Six of his key speeches and a specially written introductory chapter provide an understanding of the movement which has been so vital to Indonesian economic progress on the village level. Important for the insights it provides into the economic and political philosophy of one of Indonesia's most influential leaders, this book also illuminates the broad social and economic problems confronting a troubled country. *155 pages,* $3.00

Cornell University Press

124 Roberts Place, Ithaca, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Five eminent specialists contribute penetrating comparative and analytical studies to this pioneer volume

MAJOR GOVERNMENTS OF ASIA

Edited by GEORGE McT. KAHIN, *Cornell University*

Contributions as follows:

China, *by* HAROLD C. HINTON
Japan, *by* NOBUTAKA IKE
India, *by* NORMAN PALMER
Pakistan, *by* KEITH B. CALLARD
Indonesia, *by* GEORGE McT. KAHIN

EACH section in this highly readable book is written by a specialist in the area who also has a broad background in political science and international relations, who has written widely about the area, and who has traveled and lived there.

Emphasis is on analysis and interpretation rather than on the presentation of tedious and unnecessary facts. Skillfully written historical sections and analyses of contemporary problems are balanced with descriptions of government organizations, social and economic structures, and major political forces.

Here is a book clear enough to be comprehensible to the beginning student and general reader, yet mature and original enough to be of interest to specialists. *To be published in July,* $7.25

Educational edition also available.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY PRESS

124 Roberts Place, Ithaca, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A History of Spanish Painting, Volume XII

THE CATALAN SCHOOL IN THE EARLY RENAISSANCE

By CHANDLER RATHFON POST. This volume is the twelfth in a notable series begun in 1930 by Professor Post. Since material for the Catalan Renaissance is more copious than in some other phases of Spanish art, Volume XII has been divided into two parts, with 347 unique and beautiful illustrations contributing to the text. An ample appendix records the discoveries made recently in fields covered by the previous volumes. 2 Volumes $30.00

Art and the Human Enterprise

By IREDELL JENKINS. Holding that art exists neither for its own sake nor as a vicarious release for fundamental drives, this exposition relates art to the entire framework of man's existence as it explores four basic questions. What is it that *demands* that man create art? What is the nature of the creative process? What is the unique contribution of art to our comprehension of life and the world? Finally, and underlying the entire discussion, what are the relationships among art, science, technology, morality, religion and all phases of the human experience? $5.50

Gabo

By NAUM GABO. Through striking illustrations and his most important writings, the work of a leading exponent of a unique art form demonstrates . . . "a lifetime dedicated to Constructivism—a life unshaken by the more popular fashions of Expressionism, Archaicism, Surrealism, Brutalism, and Disintegrationism, but bent on creating truly human symbols for the form-creating processes of modern science and industry."—LEWIS MUMFORD, *The New Yorker.* 84 black and white plates. 16 full color plates plus 10 three dimensional color plates. $15.00

Through your bookseller, or from

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
79 Garden Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Empire in Brazil

By C. H. HARING. As the only nation in the Americas to establish a working monarchy of its own, Brazil stands alone in 19th-century history. How and why this constitutional monarchy came about, how the country fared under its rule—both internally and comparatively—and what special situation brought about its sudden collapse are the main questions considered in this entertaining and authoritative historical study. $4.00

Strasbourg in Transition, 1648-1789

By FRANKLIN L. FORD. One of the most startling transformations in history—politically, culturally and economically—was the transition of Strasbourg from a Protestant, Germanic free city to a Catholic, revolutionary French possession. This study both describes and analyzes the complex socio-political processes which effected the change, and relates it to the whole of eighteenth-century European power politics. The scope of Mr. Ford's research and the illuminating nature of his conclusions make this volume unusually interesting and important.

Illustrated. $6.75

Historical Atlas of the Muslim Peoples

Compiled by R. ROOLVINK and others. The first single-volume series of maps to present a full, well-rounded survey of Islamic history. Each of the 56 full-color maps has been designed for accuracy, readability and attractiveness. In addition, an international array of collaborating editors guarantees an impartial treatment of this vitally important area. $8.75

Through your bookseller, or from

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
79 Garden Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Low telephone earnings do not mean low rates

Good telephone earnings do not mean high rates

The best service at the lowest cost in the long run depends on good earnings

Many years ago the Bell System pledged itself to provide the best possible service at the lowest possible price.

We meant it then and we mean it now.

Today, more than ever, it is evident that the best service at the lowest cost in the long run depends on good earnings.

To a considerable extent the public, and we are afraid many who should know better, have come to think that low earnings mean low rates and good earnings mean high rates.

Yet few people have the idea that the lowest earning soap company makes the best and cheapest soap. Or the lowest earning meat packer makes the best and cheapest hams. Or that the lowest earning company in any line makes the best and cheapest products and renders the best service.

It doesn't apply to the telephone business either. There are many ways in which telephone users benefit in both the cost and quality of service through good earnings for the telephone company.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

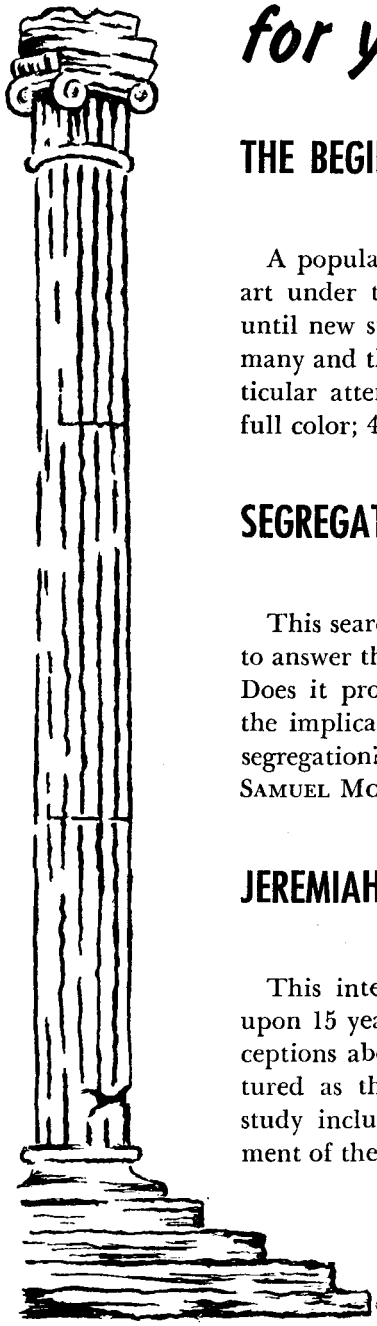
Volume 27 *Summer, 1958* Number 3

CONTENTS

The Primacy of Politics	*William G. Carleton*	283
Meadow Incident, *Poem*	*Melville Cane*	298
Religion and the Younger Generation	*Stanley J. Rowland, Jr.*	299
Backgrounds for Two Reigns	*Louis Kronenberger*	309
A Cabin Summer, *Poem*	*Emilie Bix Buchwald*	318
Intellectualism on the Economic Front	*Edwin G. Nourse*	321
Reminiscences of Proust	*Jacques Porel*	331
Letter from Finland	*Sol Worth*	343
REAPPRAISALS: James Thurber: the Primitive, the Innocent, and the Individual	*Robert H. Elias*	355
IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO	*Joseph Wood Krutch*	364
RECOMMENDED SUMMER READING	*The Editorial Board*	368
THE REVOLVING BOOKSTAND Toynbee and Metahistory	*C. Vann Woodward*	384
Brief comments on recent books		393
THE READER REPLIES		399

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3 new books for your appraisal:



THE BEGINNINGS OF CHRISTIAN ART

by D. Talbot Rice

A popular but authoritative account of the development of art under the patronage of the church from the beginnings until new styles, such as the Romanesque in France and Germany and the early Renaissance in Italy, were established. Particular attention is given to Byzantine art. With 4 plates in full color; 48 pages of black-and-white illustrations. **$7.95**

SEGREGATION AND THE BIBLE

by Everett Tilson

This searching analysis of the scriptural evidence undertakes to answer three questions: Does the Bible demand segregation? Does it provide precedent to support segregation? What are the implications of biblical faith for a Christian approach to segregation? "A good piece of work—really devastating."—SAMUEL MCCREA CAVERT Cloth, **$2.50**; Paper, **$1.50**

JEREMIAH: Prophet of Courage and Hope

by J. Philip Hyatt

This interpretation of Jeremiah's life and thought, based upon 15 years' research, does much to correct popular misconceptions about a great leader who has been frequently caricatured as the "weeping prophet." Dr. Hyatt's very readable study includes an appendix giving a chronological arrangement of the book of Jeremiah, and a selected bibliography. **$2**

All 3 books available now at your bookstore

ABINGDON PRESS

Publisher of THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

VOLUME 27 *Summer, 1958* NUMBER 3

The Primacy of Politics

WILLIAM G. CARLETON

AMERICANS HAVE REACTED SHARPLY to the achievements of the Russians in ballistic weapons. We see in these new weapons a threat to our military security. At the same time, most Americans remain apathetic to Russia's equally formidable challenge in the political, economic and social areas of the world contest. In this disparity lies a grave danger to the cause of America and the West.

The concern of Americans, the people and the politicians alike, has been almost exclusively military. Now, apparently, the military is to be given even more emphasis than in the past, and constructive social politics in Asia, the Middle East and Africa even less.

Also, a drive is under way for more physical science in education. If this results in greater intensity and depth in the social sciences and the humanities as well as in the physical sciences, it will be beneficial; but if it furthers American imbalance in favor of technological thinking as against social and humanistic thinking, then it will be unfortunate, even disastrous.

Are we Americans becoming the victims of our own quaint conceit? We claim that we represent humane values, that in our

✪ WILLIAM G. CARLETON is a professor of political science at the University of Florida. His articles frequently appear in journals of opinion both in the United States and abroad. A revised and enlarged edition of his *The Revolution in American Foreign Policy* was issued in 1957.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

democracy military considerations are subordinate to civilian ones, that our society represents the primacy of idealistic over mechanistic values. Actually, Americans are concentrating on mere military means and neglecting the social ends and the social means to attain those ends. What a tragic paradox it is to witness the Americans succumbing to the very follies of which they accuse the Russians! And the tragic paradox is compounded when the Russians, instead of committing the follies of which they are accused, keep technology in its proper place and subordinate military mechanisms to the primacy of politics and to economic and social ends. We all know that the Russians are not neglecting the technology of war, but much more clearly than the Americans they seem to see that the world contest will be won or lost on the economic, social and political fronts. This gives the Russians greater flexibility and, therefore, the advantage.

In this stage of international relations it is, of course, imperative that the United States keep pace with the Soviet Union in the technology of war. If we were to fall behind, the technology of war would become the decisive element, and the Russians would win the world contest hands down. But it is obvious that both the United States and the Soviet Union will keep abreast of the latest developments in military technology, first one and then the other forging ahead temporarily. Essentially, however, military power will be kept in balance, and therefore it will tend to cancel itself out, to neutralize itself. This balancing, together with the cataclysmic nature of today's weapons, will inhibit the actual use of military power. This means that the determining factors in the international contest are likely to be nonmilitary. If the Russians continue to emphasize the nonmilitary factors and the Americans to neglect them, then the contest can only result in an eventual resounding triumph for the Soviet Union.

Until the Second World War, Americans conceived international relations perhaps too much in idealistic terms, and certainly too much in legalistic and moralistic terms. The balance of power and military considerations were too much minimized. Since that time, and particularly since 1947, we have gone to the other ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treme and have put too much emphasis on power in its narrowest sense, on military power.

Today, Americans are losing sight of the primacy of politics. What is politics? Politics is the purposeful use of *all* the elements of power available in a given situation. Power consists of many elements—technological, military, economic, social, cultural, psychological, ideological. The military is only one of these elements, even in time of actual war. The ability to see and practice foreign policy in totality, to see and practice it as something as complex and inclusive as history, as pluralistic and diverse as life itself, is essentially political. The art of politics consists of seeing the situation in its entirety and of knowing what aspects to emphasize at any given moment in history. When foreign policy becomes a matter for mere experts and technicians, its facets shrink and it becomes distorted; it ceases being political and, therefore, becomes unrealistic. Those American "experts" now interpreting foreign policy almost exclusively in terms of military technology do violence to the very nature of politics.

It has become the fashion to ridicule the Wilsonian, the Rooseveltian appeals to democratic opinion and for human and social ends. It is said that these are all right as sidelights, as propaganda and "psychological warfare," but that to take them seriously is naïve. Actually, what America needs now more than anything else is a sincere rededication to democratic and humane ends in its foreign policy and a realistic appraisal of how best to achieve them. As is so often the case, the means and the ends are closely entwined: to achieve democratic and humane ends, America must put much greater reliance on democratic and humane means. If our belated realization of the importance of the balance of power and of military strength is not reinforced by our older instinct for democratic and libertarian ideals, we are in danger of going the way of the Metternich system, of Wilhelm's Germany, of Hitler's Third Reich.

A most important fact for the international relations of our time is the anti-imperialist revolutionary movement of the underdeveloped peoples in Asia, the Middle East and Africa. In a sense,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Communist revolutions themselves are but a part of this larger revolutionary movement, and there is an ever-present tendency for anti-imperialist revolutions to merge with Communist revolutions, as in fact they have merged in China and in northern Indo-China. Many Americans hold back from giving the anti-imperialist revolutions their important place in contemporary history, in the feeling that such recognition is an acceptance of the Marxist view of twentieth-century world history. The fact that the Communists place so much store by the anti-imperialist revolutions in their interpretation of world trends should not deter us from doing likewise.

It is extremely unfortunate that by this late in the twentieth century so few Americans are yet aware of the central significance of these revolutions. They began in the first decade of this century with the Young Turk movement, the Mexican revolution and the Sun Yat-sen revolution in China. They were given tremendous momentum in all parts of the world by the First World War. After the tide turned against Hitlerism in the Second World War, it was clear that these revolutions would make a triumphant sweep in the old colonial areas of Asia, the Middle East and Africa. Almost all that we now know about the fundamental nature of these revolutions was already known in 1945; yet even now, in 1958, most Americans are still unaware of their nature and their pivotal importance in world politics. Failure to recognize the basic importance of these movements in the present and future world balance of power is the most serious lack in American opinion and American foreign policy today.

What are the aims of the peoples involved in these revolutions? They are attempting to expel the old ruling powers and to end the economic and political privileges enjoyed in the colonial countries by Westerners as a result of centuries of Western imperialism. They wish to attain full national sovereignty and independence for their countries. They wish to uproot their old native feudal classes, which in the past often joined the foreign ruling power in exploiting the masses of colonial peoples. They want to cease being mere producers of cheap raw materials in an unprotected world market. They seek balanced economies and the rapid ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pansion, mechanization and modernization of industry, agriculture, communications and transportation. They want popular education, medical and other social services, and the rising standard of living which mechanization and modern science allow. In short, they want to move from feudalism to modernity within a few decades, within the space of a single generation. If these peoples are told that this cannot be done, the leaders of the underdeveloped peoples reply that the Russians have done it.

This is not to imply that the urge in all the anti-imperialist revolutions is to merge with Communist revolutions. To be sure, this is a tendency everywhere, because the Communists have shown that the quickest and most self-reliant way to get an industrial revolution is to force capital savings, drastically control consumption, allocate capital by directive, and regiment labor. But among backward peoples there is still resistance to the Communist way, attractive though that way may seem to them. There is resistance because of the desire to escape totalitarian controls and the police state. However, among the underdeveloped peoples there must be some collectivism if modernization and industrialization are to take place within a reasonable time. There is an indigenous collectivism in these anti-imperialist revolutions born of necessity and not of desire to imitate the Russians and the Chinese. Leaders do not have to "go to Moscow" in order to understand the necessity for some collectivism in their developing industrial revolutions. In each country, it is a question of the *degree* of collectivism. What is wanted is rapid industrialization and freedom, if both are possible. However, among peoples who have enjoyed neither much freedom nor material goods, the urge for material goods is likely to be the more imperative.

Just why must there be some indigenous collectivism in these revolutions if industrialization and mechanization are to be achieved within a reasonable time? Because these countries are poor and underdeveloped and have accumulated little capital and capital goods. They have few engineers and technicians. To begin industrialization today, from scratch, requires huge investments in machines and other capital goods. (The beginnings of an industrial revolution were far less costly a century or so ago than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are today.) These countries have no native capital-supplying classes or native middle classes of sufficient size to furnish capital, to buy stocks and bonds in big-scale enterprises, to finance heavy industries like hydroelectric plants, steel mills, tractor factories. Foreign private capital will not be available in sufficient quantities to do this job. Even when conditions in these countries were stabilized and European powers ruled and maintained order for foreign traders and investors, private European and American capital never undertook anything so ambitious as the basic industrialization of any of these countries, least of all on a rapid time schedule. Therefore, the tasks of building basic heavy industries and adequate transportation and communications systems, and of modernizing and mechanizing agriculture must depend, in the early stages, on the collectivist activities of the new native governments. These governments must initiate basic projects and induce foreign governments of the advanced industrial countries, particularly the United States, to furnish them on long and easy terms large numbers of technicians and large supplies of capital and capital goods (machines, tools and materials) to make fundamental beginnings.

Many leaders in the backward countries are willing to go slower than they would in a Communist system, to depend on the collective activities of government only for the basic developments, to leave the myriad of smaller enterprises to private initiative. These leaders are hoping to achieve both industrialization and freedom by developing, through a system of social democracy, a middle way between Soviet communism and American capitalism. Nehru's India is committed to this non-Communist middle way. Millions in the backward countries are avidly watching the contest in rapid industrial development between Communist China and Nehru's India. Americans should take note that there are more people in the world betting on the chances of Communist China achieving its goals than are betting on Nehru's India. Much of the pessimism with respect to Nehru's India stems from the fact that for the middle way to succeed in India there must be both understanding and help from the West, particularly from the United States, and up to now there has been precious little of either.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American difficulties in understanding the revolutions in Asia, the Middle East and Africa are many—cultural, racial, economic, psychological.

Asian cultures and religions are older than the European, and they are complex and impressive. Most Americans do not even understand these cultures, let alone appreciate them; and they are inclined to be condescending when brought face to face with them.

Most of the peoples experiencing the anti-imperialist revolutions are nonwhite. They are extremely sensitive to any white pretensions to racial superiority. There is no denying that most Americans—Northerners as well as Southerners—betray a racial feeling of color. Americans show their racial feeling in various ways: by arrogance, by patronizing attitudes, by uneasy self-consciousness, by tell-tale effusiveness. The racial consciousness of Americans has deep roots in American history. From the earliest colonial times, American Indians were dealt with as red-skinned savages, Negroes as black-skinned African slaves. The racial snobbishness of the British was modified by their having to deal in imperial affairs for generations with nonwhite peoples living as majority peoples in their own countries and enjoying their own indigenous cultures. On the other hand, Americans have dealt mainly with racial minorities living in a dominantly white American culture. The brutal historical fact is that the nonwhite minorities of the United States have either submitted to the dictates of the white Americans or they have perished.

Today, every step to greater racial equality in America is welcomed by the nonwhite peoples of Asia, the Middle East and Africa; every continued denial of racial equality in America chills these peoples. Every leftover of a racial caste system in America seems to the nonwhite anticolonial peoples as a gross contradiction of America's vaunted democratic and humane values. How can a country countenance racial castes at home and at the same time lead world forces which claim to stand for democracy and basic human rights?

The spectacle of the Governor of Arkansas calling out troops to bar the way of Negro children to public schools was a dramatic reminder of ugly racial caste still existing in America. With this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

act Governor Faubus gave more aid and comfort to America's enemies abroad than did the Rosenbergs when they traitorously delivered technological security secrets to the Russians. Yet countless Americans, mostly in the South but not altogether, hailed the action of Faubus as meritorious; and that greater number of Americans, which deplored the Governor's action, did not come any way near to realizing the awful damage that had been done to America's position abroad, among its allies as well as among the uncommitted peoples. Even among those Americans who despised the activities of Faubus there was not the alarm and the intensity of feeling which followed the launching of Russia's Sputniks. This, more than anything else, illustrates the frightening degree to which we Americans underestimate the significance of demonstrating to the world our sincere devotion to basic democratic and humane values. The actions of Faubus at Little Rock were as great a disaster to America and the West as the tremendous strides made by the Russians in ballistic missiles. The fact that Americans and American leadership still do not clearly recognize this is far more ominous for the Western cause than the specific defeats themselves.

Americans understand fairly well the drive of the old colonial peoples to national independence. But we do not understand the drive to rapid industrialization and the reasons this requires a measure of indigenous collectivism—differing in degree from country to country—for its fulfillment. When told that the underdeveloped peoples need capital goods and lack a native capitalist and middle class to finance these, we counter by asking why these peoples do not call in foreign private capital to do the job. The underdeveloped peoples reply that foreign capital had its chance during the long period of imperialism, and that imperialism, instead of doing this job, resulted in colonial political dependence and subjection, colonial specialization in cheap raw materials, unbalanced colonial economies, sweated labor, and the siphoning off to the West of much of the profits. It is just against these things that the old colonial peoples are in revolt. Today, the gigantic task of rapid industrialization is too big for foreign private capital to do alone. Long-time basic developments postpone profits to the future, and foreign private capital is more interested in short-time

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

developments with more rapid turnovers and profits. Then too, the current instability and uncertainty in the underdeveloped countries produced by recent revolutions and by continuing revolutionary threats tend to make foreign private capital timid. The building of basic capital developments by governments will in itself tend to stabilize situations, make conditions safer for foreign private capital, and create myriads of diversified opportunities for private capital once the basic industries get under way.

If anything, Americans, who have never understood the economic aspects and difficulties of the anti-imperialist revolutions, now understand them less, or are less disposed to lend effective aid than they were several years ago. In 1950, the emphasis in foreign aid shifted from the economic to the military. Since then, the military assistance in the foreign aid program has bulked larger than the economic assistance, and much of the so-called economic assistance has become in fact defense support for America's military allies. At the present time both military and economic aid are declining. With the current emphasis on "crash programs" for missiles and the new technology of war, foreign aid is likely to decline still more. There is a very real danger that our hysteria over Russia's missile achievements will produce all sorts of half-cocked projects, and that the Russians will win everything by diverting us still more from constructive economic and social programs, luring us to concentrate exclusively on the technology of war, some of which will be pure waste, and bankrupting us by enticing us to follow a false path to survival. (It is estimated that one manned satellite alone will cost about six billion dollars. This is nearly twice as much as we now spend each year on our total foreign aid program.) No one disagrees with the imperative that survival has top priority, but if we are to survive, it is devilishly important that we use and sensibly combine the means that will in fact achieve survival.

Just as discouraging as the decline in foreign economic aid is the recent directive of the International Cooperation Administration that requires that American aid go to projects abroad which are being undertaken primarily by private capital rather than governments. This would make virtually useless even the little Ameri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can economic aid now available for a country like India. Is it any wonder that the tone of Nehru and other Indian leaders has grown even more suspicious and despairing of American foreign policy in recent months? Cannot we realize that it is no betrayal of free enterprise at home to support government enterprise abroad where the conditions which allowed free enterprise to flourish in North America cannot be duplicated? Surely it must be self-evident that conditions in Asia are so different from conditions in the United States that the methods used to industrialize Asia today must differ from the methods used several generations ago to industrialize the United States. Will we fail because we rigidly insist on meeting the later challenge of the twentieth-century anti-imperialist revolutions by using the very same methods we used in meeting the earlier challenge of the development of our own country? Can we summon the flexibility and sense of vicariousness to deal successfully with conditions abroad which differ in many important ways from conditions at home? To use Toynbeean terms, will America fail because of an idolization of an ephemeral self, a ritualistic worship of doctrines and institutions fitted to one age and place but not equally fitted to other ages and places?

Americans ask just how they are to benefit from economic aid given to countries which insist on remaining uncommitted and neutralist. Neutralist leaders reply by admitting that there is much logic in giving to America's allies some benefits that are withheld from nonallies—if one grants the necessity or value of systems of military alliances at all, which some neutralists deny. However, neutralists insist that American economic aid to the uncommitted nations would pay handsome long-run dividends to the Americans. True, it would not "buy" the new nations. It would not make them military allies. It would not allow Americans to dictate their foreign policies. Asians insist that their foreign policies are not for sale, that control of their policies and destinies has passed from outsiders and must now be conceded to be with the Asians themselves. What, then, are the American benefits? We would have the satisfaction of helping our fellow human beings overcome pervasive poverty, hunger, squalor and disease. This is a good, a humanitarian good, in its own right. Again, if we want to live in a stabilized world, we

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must help produce conditions that lead to stability. The prosperous part of the world can no longer live in safety as if on an isolated island. It will itself be gravely affected by the forces of violent revolutionary change unless it does its part to remove the conditions which lead to violence and totalitarianism. American aid might not result in military allies, but it would make friends and help prevent the uncommitted peoples from succumbing to Communist revolutions, from going over to the other side. It is high time that Americans, instead of thinking of nonallies as enemies, began thinking of them as friends. In addition, does not the spread of industrialism increase the effective wants of the world's populations for goods and services, and thereby ultimately stand to benefit in a material way all parts of the world, even the older industrial countries themselves?

This is not to minimize the range and depth of the difficulties: discovering the annual capacity of each backward society for absorbing capital profitably; finding ways to maintain agricultural production while taking labor away from the villages for industrial production; insuring the kinds of technical assistance that will facilitate and conserve the capital developments being built; seeing to it that the various kinds of technical assistance—scientific, technological, economic, social, administrative—harmonize with one another and with the basic developments under way; taking care that the new projects do not do violence to the mores of the population and that they conform to its felt needs; adopting airtight measures that will prevent American goods and American-sponsored projects in one country from being used against the interests of other countries; heeding the warnings of Harrison Brown and other neo-Malthusians who point to growing encroachments of rising population on world resources. But before we can face the difficulties in detail, there must first be a blunt acceptance of the total challenge. After this challenge has been accepted, then we can determine just how much aid our economy can afford to meet it. What we can "afford" will be determined largely by the degree of clarity with which we see the decisive factors of world politics today. As Barbara Ward has observed, this challenge should stimulate what is best in Americans, for it is a call to do the very thing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for which Americans are pre-eminent: the organization of the production of goods and services on a mass scale. Instead of being resentful, Americans should be thankful that world politics today pivots on the very ability to do what Americans know best how to do.

The need for America and the West to develop a large-scale program of economic aid to the underdeveloped peoples and to back such a program by dramatic appeals at home and abroad grows more urgent each year. Its urgency is underscored by the new emphasis the Soviet Union is now placing on its appeals to the underdeveloped peoples. The Soviet is now boldly developing its ambitious program of economic aid not only to the Communist countries but also to the non-Communist countries of Asia, the Middle East and Africa. (The American State Department, in warning the non-Communist governments of the underdeveloped peoples that their taking of Soviet aid might result in the cutting off of American aid, further alienated neutralist opinion, for was not this the old imperialist attitude of superiors talking down to inferiors, of superiors attempting to dictate the policies of inferiors?) Moreover, in Krushchev the Russians have a leader who is flexible and pragmatic and who possesses great gifts of mass appeal and leadership. Krushchev is earthy, has the common touch, and displays histrionic talents of a high order. During his barnstorming tour of Asia, Krushchev revealed a salty spontaneity and an impish irreverence that delighted the peasant masses in much the same fashion that Huey Long and Gene Talmadge once delighted our own Southern rural folk.

George F. Kennan, in his *Realities of American Foreign Policy*, has stated that American civilization is now so rich and individual Americans are now so prosperous that there is very little the Americans can gracefully say to the impoverished masses of Asia attempting to free themselves from their immemorial miseries. But apparently the leaders of the anti-imperialist revolutions think otherwise, because these leaders frequently quote from and seem genuinely moved by the American anticolonial and democratic tradition as expressed by Franklin, Paine, Mason, Jefferson, Lin-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coln, Emerson, Whitman, Wilson and the second Roosevelt. If we are unable to affect the anti-imperialist revolutions except by the example of our technology and mass-production achievements dissociated from our democratic heritage, then it is because we mid-twentieth-century Americans have cut ourselves off from our democratic heritage and are no longer moved by the leading exponents of our own tradition. Confessedly, there is much in the current American scene to lend color to the belief that contemporary America has "outgrown" its earlier democratic heritage: our fabulous national and individual wealth, our materialism and gadgeteering, our middle-class respectability and conformity, the prosperity and middle-class attitudes of even our unskilled workers and poorest minority groups. Undeniably, too, trends among contemporary American intellectuals—the New Humanism, Southern Agrarianism, the New Criticism, the New Conservatism—have made inroads on the American democratic tradition. (For instance, just to give one example, the French Revolution, once so popular with American historians, is now decidedly less popular, and some American historians are now busy dissociating America entirely from the democratic traditions of the French Revolution, even from the traditions of the Enlightenment itself.)

However, it is difficult to believe that the American nation, which responded to its deepest traditions as recently as 1917 and 1941 and which today, spurred by its traditional creed, is doggedly eliminating racial discriminations and inequities, is no longer moved by the ideals of Jefferson, Lincoln and Wilson. In periods of domestic prosperity, when no classes and groups are in distress, Americans often appear to be complacent and conservative. But in times of distress and of domestic or international crisis, America's underlying democratic tradition, when appealed to, comes to the fore as a mighty force moving to galvanic action. However, it must be admitted that past periods of apparent complacency and conservatism have never been so prolonged as the current period, and there are pervasive and cumulative conservative elements in the situation today not present in any previous period. But in the absence of any top-flight and sustained appeal to the American heritage in the current crisis, we cannot say that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such an appeal to the present generation of Americans would fail. Personally, I do not believe it would fail; on the contrary, I believe it would succeed, to the confounding of even the most timid, the most cynical and the most "realistic" among us. If such an appeal gripped the country and were sustained, then practices would harmonize with professions and with popular trends in the world; content, sincerely felt, would replace propaganda techniques and symbols; and really influential leaders would succeed dull functionaries and "experts" abroad.

In any event, it would be tragic if we failed because this appeal was never made—and surprising as it may seem, at no time since America came to the leadership of the non-Soviet world in 1945 has it been made. Since 1945, we fortunately have been converted to the importance of balance-of-power politics; but at the same time, with the zeal of the convert, we have eschewed "idealism" as incompatible with balance-of-power politics. Idealism and balance-of-power politics are not incompatible; they are often supplementary; and foreign policy, to be effectively realistic, must be pluralistic, must use many methods and approaches. (To be most effective, as we have seen, social politics should often be pursued as a positive good for its own sake.) Anyway, "crusading" has been taboo; but now it is imperative that we restore the idealistic elements to their important place in American foreign policy.

Ironically, public opinion in an old imperialist country like Britain understands the importance of being on the popular side of the anti-imperialist revolutions somewhat better than opinion in the United States, which ideologically is an anticolonial power. When in 1950 and 1951 the danger loomed large that the United States might get itself involved actively and in a large way on the reactionary side in Asia, it was the British who pressed Americans to be cautious, to take care that the Korean War not expand into a full-scale war against Red China in which the non-Communist masses in Asia would be alienated against a West apparently fighting for the return of Chiang Kai-shek's counterrevolution. Again, in the Suez crisis of 1956, the most trenchant criticism of Eden's policy came from the British themselves, not only from the Bevan-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ites and not only from the Labor party generally, but also from segments of the Conservative party.

What the West needs is magnetic leaders comparable to Churchill and Roosevelt, leaders who will fire Western opinion, particularly American opinion, to a realization of the centrality of the anti-imperialist revolutions in the world crisis and of the threat to the world balance of power inherent in further mergers of anti-imperialist revolutions with Communist revolutions. Such an appeal, too, needs to convince the uncommitted peoples in ringing terms that the West understands their problems and intends to take emergency measures to meet them. Here is a tremendous job of public relations which involves a two-way approach: first, arousal of the West, particularly of the United States, to the nature of the anti-imperialist revolutions and the decisive roles these have for the future of the world; and, second, persuasive and definite assurances to the uncommitted peoples that the West earnestly understands their needs and will implement that understanding with deeds. This is a job for top-flight political leaders with an instinctive feel for popular movements; it cannot be delegated to mere public relations and propaganda "experts."

Some of what is elucidated in this article should have been clear by 1918, and most of it should have been crystal clear by 1945. Certainly by today most of it should have become a mere commonplace. The fact that perhaps a majority of Americans will still regard this appraisal as "controversial" and "provocative" is a measure of America's failure in world leadership since 1945. It is admittedly late, but perhaps it is still not too late for us to begin now to do in earnest what we should have been doing since 1945.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Meadow Incident

MELVILLE CANE

The hound-dog
Chased the ground-hog
Into its hole,
Frantically scraped the dirt away at the top
Finally came to a stop,
Defeated
And considerably overheated.

Barking a crestfallen cough
Or two, the hound-dog trotted off
And soon was busily pawing the track of a mole.

Warily
The ground-hog poked out
Its snout,
Airily
Drew a relieved sniff
And a scornful whiff,
Then waddled across the succulent field to scrunch
A crisp, low-calorie lunch.

✪ MELVILLE CANE, lawyer and poet, is the author of *And Pastures New, Making a Poem* and *A Wider Arc.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Religion and the Younger Generation

STANLEY J. ROWLAND, JR.

. . . in a time of dearth, such as ours, there must be a few who will venture out from under the husks of former meanings, and go into the "open," there to await in patience and in hope the new names of the gods.[1]

STANLEY R. HOPPER

HERE WE ARE BROUGHT FACE TO FACE with one of the basic dilemmas of religion in modern culture. The mass of persons in the current religious search find some degree of contact with viable traditions and meanings in their participation in church and synagogue; they reveal the popular, religious facet of the current American process of trying to achieve new definitions and a fuller sense of community. But a few have moved into the open, facing directly what Paul Tillich has described as our heightened anxiety of meaninglessness, and acknowledging that we generally lack a metaphysic to which we can hook our beliefs.

The Gothic cathedral expressed both its culture and a whole idea of the cosmos. The earth was in the center, the heavens moved around it in spheres, and the cathedrals, vaulting skyward into mystery, were permanent institutions for translating souls into heaven. Today, though this metaphysic has been shattered, nothing definitive and coherent has been put in its place for the mass of us.

[1] Stanley Romaine Hopper, "Reports and Prophecies in the Literature of Our Time," *The Christian Scholar*, December, 1957.

✪ STANLEY J. ROWLAND, JR., is a reporter for the *New York Times*. His articles and reviews have appeared in the *Nation*, *Christianity and Crisis*, the *New York Times Magazine* and the *New York Times Book Review*.

This article is derived from a chapter of the book which Mr. Rowland is writing on modern culture and the religious revival, to be published in the fall by Random House.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We find ourselves singing and praying in terms of a three-story universe, as though heaven were in the attic and hell in the furnace room; we are aware that this is "poetic" language and do the best we can with these husks of former meanings. Similarly, the Biblical story of man's creation collides with the theory of evolution. Fundamentalists are apt to plunk for a strict Biblical version, while thinkers such as Reinhold Niebuhr separate what they regard as the eternal truths from the accretions of legend. But masses of persons are caught between and prefer not to discuss these basic questions. Once again it becomes more important to assert religious beliefs outwardly in general terms, passing over the radical questions and trying to cure anxiety with group participation.

But some refuse to settle for this, regarding it as an uneasy compromise, and move into the open where the mathematical starlight shines on the long, apparently meaningless plain of human effort and anguish. In this perspective of fundamental doubt our Western religions dwindle to brief traditions that seem to be coming unraveled, and one wonders what rough beast will be born in their place. A young intellectual stares back across history, viewing the recent dismemberment of Western empire, and nothing appears valid except the negativities of change. Civilization seems a gigantic structure that totters on an abyss.

From this point a person may go through a kind of mystical plunge and resurrection, working through the levels of knowledge and doubt until he can rise with a basic affirmation of the meaning and purpose of life. But this is probably the experience of a rare few, indicative mainly in the radicalness of the questioning. This sort of basic questioning and doubt, which underlies our "age of anxiety," has more typical manifestations among artists and students of the younger generation. There are those of course who fit into no catagories; indeed, catagorizing is simply a convenient method for making some relevant generalizations. The author is attempting here to do just that, with no pretense that this is the last word.

Among the young artists there seem to be two reactions. One is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

expressed by the apostles of the "Beat Generation." Their work should be seen against the background of the breakup of the medieval synthesis and the progressive analyzing and debunking that has followed, the painter breaking his subject into lines and planes in a search for a core of being and meaning, while writers worried variously about the disintegration of the West. These expressions have continued down the years to merge into the "beat" young men, who feel the same thing, desperately.

As painters they peer into the abyss of doubt and report what they see. One canvas portrays man as a meaningless, mechanical creature put together with bolts and nuts; another depicts the unreason and violence of man in gnashing teeth and broken bodies; another portrays a bloated woman with a hole in her tiny head, telling us implicitly that man is simply a bag of flesh; still another portrays an exploded skeleton on a dark background. (The author has repeatedly encountered the splintered skeleton motif in his wanderings in New York's Lower East Side and Greenwich Village.) In some paintings a basis for meaning is found: the earthy realism of a street scene, the rythmic unity of a ballerina in motion, or the young artist's Christmas card which portrays him and his wife and child united by surging red arteries.

Often the paintings are completely subjective. Critics may analyze them for color and form, but the important point for our discussion is the feeling they give about life. One visits a studio, and there the paintings stand, anguished in their vision of meaninglessness, intense in their probing, scarlet in protest, and soggy with death. The underground man—the man who seeks community in the suburbs, and his more frantic cousin who moved with the Hitler masses in Germany—is excavated and exposed in all his spiritual lostness and unfocused craving for affirmation. Here is our spiritual problem laid bare most radically; here is modern man in all his shut-upness. The artist may transcend anxiety a little by expressing and facing it, and experience freedom in the narrow manner of the extreme Existentialist—the freedom to reject everything except rejection.

In literature, the "Beat Generation" reaction is exposed in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work of Jack Kerouac. The characters have the unfocused craving for affirmation that one theologian described as the penultimate mysticism of existentialism. Lacking a focus, a meaningful structure of values, for their affirmation, they strive to affirm life in any way they can; they grasp at sensory experience and punish life in order to feel the aliveness of self.

Perhaps the farthest one can go in literature is found in the work of Arlene Zekowski and Stanley Berne. Excerpts from their novels were published, with an introduction by the authors, in *New World Writing No. 11*. Judging from these chapters their novels would seem better described as non-novels. They mainly render sharp sensory impressions and images. There is no story line. The burden of order and meaning, if any, is left to the reader. The trouble with this sort of thing is that ideas and sense impressions are amalgamated by a self, and unless we are given a continuity of self doing the amalgamating we are left simply with impressions, striking but quite random, like the contents of Fibber McGee's closet.

Except for some of the insane, life has a unifying urgency because it is lived by a self in an environment. For art to be comprehensible it must mirror this urgency in some way; indeed, a good novel or drama is held together by it. In dealing otherwise with life, and thereby attempting (at least implicitly) to render meaninglessness, the work moves completely off the visible spectrum, as Kenneth Rexroth has remarked in connection with the young West Coast poets. Pushed far enough, this tendency becomes a pursuit of nihilism. Artistic communication increases in difficulty as literature moves toward the extreme of approximating the painting of the exploded skeleton or black on black.

By contrast, meaningful communication is based on content, somehow arranged, and presupposes a sense of shared experience. The genius of art is that it can take the grand, ageless, shopworn themes—love, evil, God, time, death, war—and present them afresh in each age so that the reader apprehends them as though for the first time. The stuff of experience is used to say something meaningful about the nature of life, which is exactly the dilemma for a generation of artists who sense that the meaning of life is the lack

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of any meaning. Everything has already been championed, questioned, analyzed, revolted against and debunked. It is therefore misleading for critics to use the term "revolt" or say that "revolt is over" in speaking of the younger artists. Revolt is impossible because there seems to be no core left to revolt against.

So the young artist may react with a direct expression of the situation in his work and even his life. But the "Beat Generation" is only part of the story. Others, despite heightened anxiety and doubt, plunk for coherence. This reaction is particularly evident in poetry; the younger poets concentrate on form and the brief lyric, according to the poet Louis Simpson, himself a member of the generation. Quite a few show a fascination with the intricate interplay of inherent ideas. The effort is to create coherence within the structure itself, without reference to external structures as meaningful, since the assumptions have been undercut.

Again simplifying by focusing near the extreme, we find poems that are fairly simple lyrical statements. They take a single theme, perhaps one of the great themes or perhaps an impression such as a parachutist descending, and illuminate (not celebrate) it in a brief, sharp, ordered way that enables the reader to see and know. Unless the writer is prepared to create the entire structure of meaning, as may be done in fiction or drama, he must remain relatively brief and close to the common denominators of experience, or risk sacrificing communication.

The younger academic poets have been the target of quite a few critical spitballs—"bicycling seals" whose poems are like robots, following all the rules and having everything except life and passion. A good deal of the criticism may be deserved. However, every age probably produces its floods of mediocre and bad poetry. A generation ago it was bad in a Bohemian way. The underfed poet of Greenwich Village may have elicited more critical sympathy than the young man with a crew cut who teaches English, but as one of these fellows put it, "Must a poet starve among the ash cans?" Similarly, the literary quarterlies do publish some half-baked poetry. But this is part of their function, the invaluable function of the thrashing floor.

Some excellent poetry is being written today, often by persons

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

associated with the academies, and by quite a few women as well as men in the younger generation. At best these poems communicate on the basic level of allowing a reader to see afresh and participate in a truth about the nature of experience. In so communicating, these poets are contributing to the re-formation of tradition and the evolving value structure, whatever it may be, with their small, precious building blocks that do, in their fashion, represent human experience.

In sum, serious young artists tend either to pursue destructiveness and nihilism in the "Beat Generation" manner, or begin near the beginning—concentrating on form and the brief lyric, for example. We can observe the tendencies in their divergence, but we cannot fully separate them because both are rooted in the experience of artists who feel themselves nurtured on a culture that has absolutely everything except a compelling reason for being in which they can believe.

What the artist expresses variously, the mass of the younger generation experience at lower pressure. One reaction is a kind of superficial cynicism, which is usually just that. More frequent are attitudes of noninvolvement; one does not commit himself, one may investigate but does not give himself to anything wholeheartedly, except perhaps a desire to carve out a nook for "the good life" amid rapid change. The young man goes steady, marries early, and wants security, pulling his gray flannel house down around his ears against the din of the social revolution sweeping the world. On the more thoughtful side, our age of consolidation is expressed in New Conservatism and a heightened interest in religion among students. This comes at a time when some able thinkers—Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich, to mention two —have given religious thought a new respect and edge of contemporaneity.

Collegians of the 1930's looked to political and social institutions for salvation, but a world war and a lot of politicians have gone over the dam since then. Today students are often reassessing Judaism and Christianity as live options, according to Dean James A. Pike. The emphasis is not on social action, but on theology, an awakened interest also found among some faculty members. To

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give a couple of statistics: a Cornell study on twelve campuses found that 80 per cent of 7,000 students interviewed expressed a need for religious faith; institutions of higher learning that offered degrees in religion increased from 128 in 1947 to 302 a decade later. This does not count Bible schools or seminaries. Harvard, Yale and Princeton were among those adding religion courses and departments.[2] By the late 1950's the impact of student religious interest was already being felt in the graduate schools, notably the law schools. Though this interest is probably confined to a minority, it is symptomatic of our religious search. Indeed, in the colleges it is more purely a search, manifested mainly in reading, discussions and the burgeoning enrollment in religion courses.

These are "the careful young men," according to a symposium of college professors in the *Nation* (March 9, 1957). Some date the mood to the Korean War, a bloody conflict that preserved the status quo of a divided world, and to the Communist hysteria of "McCarthyism" in the earlier 1950's. Several college deans queried by the author in 1955 dated the religious interest and caution of students to a few years after World War II, when young people found themselves faced with major new insecurities in the wake of winning a world conflict. But whatever the correct combination of causes, including the underlying anxiety and fundamental doubt noted earlier, they have given us in the 1950's a student who is seeking basic answers rather than causes to champion.

Reinhold Niebuhr is perhaps more admired among students than any other modern Christian thinker. The admiration is just, for Professor Niebuhr has made the subtleties of his Biblical perspective intensely relevant to modern social and political problems, and is read with respect by non-Protestants and the avowedly nonreligious. Instead of breaking off one of the streams of Biblical thought, which earlier Protestant groups were apt to do, he has unified and elucidated.

His thinking seems to speak particularly to the intellectual mood of America at this writing, and future generations may see him as the philosopher of our modern age of consolidation. The

[2] For more detailed findings, see the *New York Times*, October 22 and 24, 1955.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1950's are a time of New Conservatism and religious interest in the colleges, of caution and a guarded open-mindedness, with thinkers prone to eschew both crusading and despair in favor of limited solutions to specific problems in an uneasy world. It is a time when critical hallelujahs greeted James Gould Cozzens' novel *By Love Possessed*, a resounding best seller. The book is a painstaking and somewhat involved chronicle of two days in the life of Arthur Winner, a disillusioned sentimentalist who lives within the frame of freedom as "the knowledge of necessity," who appears reasonable and cultured to the world but strives within himself to control his life by reason in spite of his disillusion ("Know the truth and the truth shall make you sick"). The book was hailed as mature.

Many of the causes Professor Niebuhr champions have been viewed as liberal, yet he seems conservative in his repeated emphasis on man's innate imperfection and the consequent need to seek "proximate solutions." In other words, absolute or ideal solutions are impossible; you can struggle toward the ideal, but in practical terms you can only approximate it. While others were praising or throwing bricks at Billy Graham in New York, Professor Niebuhr thoughtfully criticized him in these terms, saying that he offered simple solutions to complex problems that could not be solved simply or absolutely.

It is a tribute to the complexity of Professor Niebuhr's thought that both liberals and conservatives claim him. But this complexity carries its inevitable danger, tempting interpreters to break off one emphasis and ramify it without proper relation to the whole. On the matter of perfection and sinfulness, for example, the Bible cuts two ways, admonishing people to be perfect "as your heavenly Father is perfect," but saying repeatedly that men are incapable of perfection. Man will strive, and he is bound to fall short of perfection; it is part of his nature. This is one of the paradoxes of the human condition, and we hate paradoxes. Liberalism, including religious liberalism, tended to gloss over man's capacity for sin and stress progress.

But men insisted on sinning anyway. If they did not sin in the slums, they sinned in gray flannel suits. If they did not trample on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

others in a drive for personal gain, then they committed the modern sin that a Lutheran leader termed a "flight from responsibility"—leaving undone those things which we ought to have done. Liberal idealism has fallen into disrepute at this writing, though it is still found in diluted form in some popular preaching. The danger with the younger generation seems to be that the pendulum will swing too far the other way, that the school of thought Professor Niebuhr represents will be interpreted as an excuse for not striving toward the ideal.

For example, a student from Union Theological Seminary argued in a sophisticated way to the author some months ago that thermonuclear weapon testing should be continued for awhile as the best proximate solution. He showed no compelling sense of the Christian ideal this deadly business is supposed to approximate. Man's innate sinfulness was turned into a rationalization for adjustment. Christianity in this instance becomes a doctrine for agreement instead of transformation. It would be unfair to present this young man's argument as typical of Christian opinion on the issue —both Pope Pius XII and the World Council of Churches have denounced the dangers of nuclear weapon testing—but it does suggest further the caution and loss of idealism among the young at this time.

The modern student is skeptical of changing the world or approaching perfection. The new day has arrived, the mass of the population living decently above subsistence, but plagued by new threats of world catastrophe. Jobs have been fairly easy for the college graduate to find, and the comfortable striving of undergraduate days continues in the organization; the ladder of success leads at a gentle angle toward the split-level house in the suburbs. In one hand his nation grasps the hydrogen bomb, which the graduate feels he can do nothing about, and with the other it offers him the breast for the rest of his life, which he is prone to accept. Periodically, older men mount pulpits to deplore in loud, bewildered tones the loss of fire and idealism among the young.

But to many there seems little point in being fiery when this is not necessary for "the good life" and does not promise to mean or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accomplish anything. The search is more basic, requiring answers beyond human institutions. Perhaps this quiet though basic questioning and the theological interest found among students will help lay the foundation for a solid religious revival. Certainly the student who carries his religious interest on to a career in the ministry is respected by his peers, and so is the fellow doing graduate work in science who tries to relate his discipline to a religious world view.

But it is too early now to gauge the effects. The mass of young people turn from the chasms of doubt to the security and limited affirmation of a job and "the good life." The underlying anxiety of our time, as they variously experience it, helps fuel the religious search as the young merge into the masses attending church and synagogue, men and women trying to find a center of belongingness and some contact with traditions and meanings in a time of doubt and rapid change.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Backgrounds for Two Reigns

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

I

THE RESTORATION—and by that, to be sure, one means the high-born, for it was their place in life that had been restored—has become a byword for cynicism, profligacy, duplicity: we find it too much damned by lack of heart to be saved by its show of style. So dissolute was its King that he was called the Merry Monarch out of euphemism rather than compliment. Who, furthermore, knows the name of his Queen; who does not know the name of Nell Gwynne? So indecent were the Restoration's plays that for two centuries after, the theater was outlawed by the God-fearing; and the Restoration's plays, it is assumed, not unfairly reflected its attitudes. Certainly the period's most famous diarist, Pepys, does nothing to gainsay its most notorious dramatist, Wycherley; and Gramont's scandalous Court memoirs are born of fact, however adulterated by fiction.

Yet Restoration morality has probably been too much stressed and set apart. There is almost no high life that does not also mean high living; and the Restoration's worst folly may simply have been its frankness. All the same, there was a most conspicuous amount of high living. It was an era bound to lack discipline, predestined to lack ideals. Under Cromwell, Puritanism had starved men's emotions and submerged their instincts: to be gay had been almost as reprehensible as to be godless; the amenities had been everywhere distrusted, as gilding and embossing vice; and as wide a gulf had been set between love and sex as commonly divides love

✪ LOUIS KRONENBERGER, who writes on the theater, modern America and eighteenth-century England, is the author of *The Thread of Laughter, Company Manners, Kings and Desperate Men* and other books.

The article published here constitutes two excerpts from *Marlborough's Duchess*, a biography of Sarah Churchill (1660-1744), the wife of the great Duke of Marlborough, to be published in September by Knopf.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from loathing. The age, remarked Macaulay, that follows a period of severe repression is always far more lax than the age that preceded it. Moreover the aristocracy, having beggared and martyred and exiled itself for the Stuarts, resumed the old life with voracious new appetites, was in the patrician mood that corresponds to the plebeian sacking of cities, and had lived so long in the shadow of an improbable Puritan God as to be all too eager to sup—with no care for the length of its spoon—with the Devil. Accordingly, there was no dissembling one's vices; there was, if anything, a desire to parade them, a positive wish, a strenuous rush, to inhabit glass houses. The prevailing mood perhaps finds its nearest modern parallel in the mood of the 1920's, the key to which was less how wicked people were than how pleased they were to be thought wicked.

Naturally, just by making so brave an ideal of iniquity, such a world has trouble being as bad as it pretends to be; also, where there is no such thing as forbidden fruit, there is not much fun to robbing orchards. We know that the first Lord Nottingham enjoined his son "never to become that thing of horror, a man about town"—which the son sufficiently heeded as to be nicknamed "Dismal." We know that at the Court of Charles II in his prime there were such good girls as Frances and Sarah Jennings and Margaret Blagge (John Evelyn's Margaret Godolphin); we know that Evelyn himself, Pepy's nearest rival as a diarist, was at the farthest remove from him as a man; we know that the Elias Ashmole who founded the Ashmolean, or the Robert Boyle who established Boyle's Law, or the Clarendons, father and son, were all God-fearing men. It was an age of martyrdom for Catholic and Protestant, peasant and peer, alike; and we may wonder whether its chroniclers, as perhaps those of the 1920's, did not disseminate an attitude whereby men became cynical lest they be thought naïve, and were forced to be frank however little there was to be frank about. Certainly, on any basis of *events*, not cynicism but fanaticism is the master trait of the age.

Yet, in strong contrast to the 1920's, the world the Churchills were to live in, the only world that mattered, made genuine frankness impossible. How fare well at Court, how conceivably thrive

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as a courtier but by being a hypocrite? How hope to rise unless one strove to please? Theirs was an age when no world of mere wealth could rival or even ape the Court, and the arbiter, indeed the autocrat, of fashion was the King. The great Lord Halifax—who, though called "The Trimmer," was not meant to be castigated by the term—had it that "a place at Court, like a place in Heaven, is to be got by being upon one's knees"; and painfully valid was Bacon's famous dictum that "all rising to great place is by a winding stair." Such assumptions were part of one's ingrained view of life, were part, in a way, of one's upbringing. If John Churchill's parents went by the book, it was doubtless by Francis Osborne's *Advice to a Son*, first published in John's childhood: its being banned for instilling "principles of atheism" merely made it sell the better. The core of Osborne's teaching was an undisguised and perfect worldliness, which made no attempt to yoke morality and expediency in the same injunction. Thus Osborne warns against hawking and hunting: it is so easy to be "accidentally" shot by an enemy. He counts it nothing sinful "to serve one who has come to power by crime"; he judges free schools better than tutors for ambitious boys: a gang of boys robbing an orchard uses all the strategems required for taking a town. Feeing servants he considers useful on arrival, but foolish on taking leave; and he holds it very foolish in a man to marry, as marriage only compounds sin by making fornication adultery. Here indeed is all the prudence of Poor Richard with none of the cant.[1]

But if the way of the world seldom really alters, how much do its outward look and shape: England under Charles II consisted largely of people who lived on the land: it had not a city except London with more than 30,000 people. Thus the great landowners constituted the voice, and the squirearchy—"half nobles and half boors"—the backbone of the country. A squire's great rambling house might be densely tenanted—sometimes "the family," with its cousinships and connections, ran to sixty people. It would be lavishly staffed—John Evelyn's father kept 116 servants in livery—

[1] More engagingly downright was that "versatile pathfinder" Sir William Petty. As nearsighted as he was enlightened, he proposed—when challenged to a duel—a dark cellar and hatchets.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and might be royally maintained, with five or six tables always laid in readiness for visitors and their retinues. (A country house like Audley End, with its 750 rooms, was compared to a walled town.) It seems a spacious and baronial existence, but its pleasures ran largely to hunting by day and reminiscences of the hunting by night.

A courtier's life, to be sure, was a good deal livelier, as when, for example, "the King and Queen and all the court went about masked, and came into houses unknown, and danced there with wild frolic." But Court life too—in a sense, even the life of the King—shows an appalling sameness. Day after day Charles elected to share the fate of a drama critic and attend the theater; night after night, with Sundays no exception, his Queen and his mistresses sat over cards. At Newmarket the royal routine scarcely varied for years: the morning walk, the midday dinner (served the King by peers on bended knee), the races, a cockfight, a play, supper, Lady Castlemaine.[2] The working day—and not only for the working-man—began, after a bolted breakfast of, say, bread, butter, radishes and ale not later than seven, and quite possibly at five; and a "debauch" of guzzling and gorging might—as at the Marquess of Winchester's—last "from one at noon till one in the morning." Though by no means everyone got drunk—Charles II, for example, almost never did—practically no one, even children, drank water. The mass of people drank beer, and even three-year-olds were veteran pipe-smokers. People of quality took coffee and chocolate, but not yet tea—tea, in the year of Sarah's marriage, was called "a base unworthy Indian practice." Spices, those flavorers and disflavorers during so many generations, were going out; sugar was coming in. Despite Charles II's feeling for the amenities, few people used forks, most men dined with their hats on, it was still common to clean one's teeth at table, still not uncommon to spit. At the very same table the well-trained housekeeper must yet carve to perfection, so as to display a crane, disfigure a peacock, or lift a swan.

It seems, as it was, a distant age when many people still believed

[2] Who, Pepys declared, had more jewels than the Queen and the Duchess of York together, and thought nothing of wearing £40,000 worth to the play.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in witchcraft, thousands rotted away in prison, and great numbers went to the block and even the stake; and when His Majesty's warships sailed down the river filled with women swilling punch and brandy and singing "Loath to Depart." Yet one encounters some curiously modern touches, like the use of fountain pens and —among model employers—sickness and old-age benefits for workers. And indeed the last forty years of the seventeenth century constitute one of the most astonishing periods in the annals of British genius—boasting England's greatest scientist, Newton; her lustiest satirist, Dryden; her supreme classical scholar, Bentley; the heyday of Wren in architecture and of Purcell in music; the years of England's foremost diarist, Pepys; most polished playwright, Congreve; most influential philosopher, Locke; though of England's only second-greatest poet, Milton.

II

With Queen Anne's death had ended an era in every way the antithesis of the Queen herself. There had seldom been a more stolid woman or more impatient age; a duller woman or an age more brilliant. During the twelve years she reigned, England was restored to its old Elizabethan stature, subduing France, reconstituting Europe, winning substantial new territories in America, and becoming—what would prove its real passport to future greatness—absolute mistress of the seas. At home, Pope had begun writing its poetry, and Swift and Defoe its prose; Vanbrugh, along with Farquhar, was still its playwright, as he was its architect with Hawksmoor and Wren. Newton as much dominated the world of thought as Marlborough the world of action. Those twelve years gave form, where they did not give birth, to the daily newspaper and the periodical essay, the coffeehouse and the penny post. For writers they proved an almost unexampled era in politics and worldly affairs—Steele became an M.P., Prior an ambassador; Addison, already an undersecretary, was on the road to becoming a secretary of state; while in political journalism Defoe became a kind of spy and Swift a kind of scorpion. Perhaps no other sovereign can lay claim to a reign so short and yet so splendid,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and possibly no one who has ever reigned at all has been popularly accounted such a figurehead and survived as such a dullard. For two centuries "Queen Anne is dead" became a contemptuous cliché for the stalest and flattest of news, yet "Queen Anne is dead" was to prove, as an actual statement, a gate swinging shut on history.

Socially she had been stodgy enough, and intellectually contemptible, and personally all too often sullen and stubborn and petty. But conceivably, for all that, she had been wiser than any of the flashing geniuses who haunt and heighten her age, had been, too, a steady-conscienced tortoise among a hundred swift unprincipled hares. She was the last monarch who at all succeeded in lawfully governing England (George III maneuvered and bribed and in due course failed), and she became this as much by virtue of what power she exacted as what power was freely acknowledged. She became this in the face also of dealing with some of the most notable, most knowledgeable, and most unethical politicians in English history. Politically her reign was even more devious and disturbed than it was resplendent. "I wonder," once wrote Shrewsbury from retirement in Italy, "that a man can be found in England who has bread, that will be concerned in public business."

One distinguishing quality of Anne's reign was its Englishness —her succeeding, as Lord Stanhope long ago noted, a very Dutch king and being succeeded in turn by a very German one. There are none of boorish William's Dutch male favorites or of boorish George's German mistresses to reckon with; nor a sovereign who felt more at home in Holland or only at home in Hanover. Yet Court life under Anne was no more glamorous than it had been or would come to be. It lacked, as we know, all formal elegance; it shunned all casual gaiety. Where the Queen proved "worldly," it was after the fashion of her humblest subjects: card parties, the races, gossip and drink. When she "entertained," it was as a duty-driven hostess who longed for nothing so much as to be rid of her guests. Lord Chesterfield called her "a prude" who "discouraged . . . the most pardonable vices of courts" and whose Drawing Rooms suggested not Court but church. George I at least "loved pleasures," even if "not delicate in the choice of them."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yet however dreary the atmosphere of the Court, it was always the focal point of Anne's reign; and those who fled or flouted or antagonized it did so—as they one by one found out—at their peril. Anne might be the dullest woman in England, but she was immeasurably the most important human being. If Anne, moreover, was very nearly as middle-class as Victoria, she was infinitely more powerful. Victoria might detest a Gladstone, but there was nothing she could do about him except rail and fume. Not just those she loathed, but those too she had long esteemed, Anne as it suited her dispensed with.

Thus, equally for high-minded statesmen as for self-seeking politicians, it was essential to seek her favor, which does something to explain, if not justify, the treacherous, two-faced methods of the reign. A Marlborough may have been by nature silky, or a Harley devious, but no one so constantly fed and fostered such master traits as Anne, who was of them all, from her unique position, the most dangerous dissembler. Those who by nature were more forthright could only, in the struggle for survival, flatter or pretend.

As it happens, despite all the attention she craved and deceit she inspired, Anne in the final reckoning much less hindered than helped. She could be maddeningly obstinate, could come to decisions for the most personal reasons. She tended to judge statesmen by how much they loved the Church, or had disliked William, or led virtuous lives. Deep down in her, small slights permanently rankled and were often—long afterward—avenged. But, for all her quite glaring limitations as a woman, she was in her own way a scarcely less than magnificent queen. She had, sometimes in a ridiculous form, sometimes to a ruinous degree, a sense of duty; but that, in such a personage during such an age, had its tremendous worth. Again and again it led Anne to make sound decisions and even dangerously brave ones. However vitiated, in after days, might be the famous Bolingbrokian—which in origin was more truly Harley's—idea of a patriot king, Anne—for all her favoring the Tories and prejudice against the Whigs—was oftener than not a true patriot queen. She could rise with the occasion above party or herself; and, for a woman who could not reason, could even be rather eloquently cogent on the subject:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All I desire is, my liberty in encouraging and employing all those that concur faithfully in my service, whether they are called Whigs or Tories. . . . Why, for God's sake, must I, who have no interest, no end, no thought, but for the good of my country, be made so miserable, as to be brought into the power of one set of men?

In the end, few of her crucial policies or decisions were at the expense of her desires or beliefs. Her very limitations had value. At least in an England almost plagued with brilliance and swollen with ambition, Anne's blinkered, stolid sense of duty proved at times a brake, a deterrent, a corrective; even, in a sense, an example. She could on occasion channel the brilliance of those about her, as she could neutralize its ill effects, and though without her the England of her reign would have had equal—and perhaps superior—glitter, it is not so certain that it would have shown a comparable achievement.

If Anne's reign is filled with political grime, it abounds equally in social and artistic glitter. This, as we know, was certainly not owing to the Court; nor was it very much more, perhaps, because of any widespread or even highborn sheen or gloss. For great ladies and grand seigneurs, for masked balls and lustrous entertainments after the manner of France or fiction, we shall look mostly in vain. The English in modern times have seldom imparted enchantment to rank; their patricians, in large part, prefer to be shy, or rustic, or pathological. And it must always be remembered how much the great Augustan patricians lived outside the capital. London's town houses were never a patch on Paris's, but England's great country estates were becoming unsurpassed throughout Europe—the English, it has been said, did from pleasure "what banishment alone would force on the French." Anne's, all the same, was singularly an age when society patronized intellect, when talent consorted with wealth, when men of diverse distinction mingled in coffeehouses, just before the give-and-take of London's coffeehouses petrified forever into its walled-town life of clubs. Whatever Sarah's treatment of him, a Vanbrugh lived on easy social terms with most of his patrician clients; a Swift's sharp tongue was as pleasing to Harley and St. John as his pen was useful. Alexander Pope, who was

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

barely twenty-five at Anne's death, was already being sought out, and before he was thirty would be regularly making the grand tour of country houses: "After some attendance on my Lord Burlington," he would write,

> I have been at the Duke of Shrewsbury's, Duke of Argyle's, Lady Rochester's, Lord Percival's, Mr. Stonor's, Lord Winchelsea's, Sir Godfrey Kneller's . . . and Duchess Hamilton's

—and not simply to dinner, but for visits of "some days." The same Duke of Shrewsbury might refuse, to be sure—during the preliminaries to the Peace of Utrecht—to serve as coambassador to France with a mere unpedigreed writer like Prior, but Prior himself, writing from Paris, need not "milord" Bolingbroke in his letters: they were Harry and Matt to each other. And what counts most is that a Prior could serve as an ambassador, that a Kit-Kat Club among the Whigs, or a Scriblerus among the Tories, could be a dazzling blend of what in time would seem so far apart as a White's and an Athenaeum.

And if so brief an era has seldom boasted such a roll call of names among the arts, what a race of artists in their way, and of wits and actors and connoisseurs, were the men of rank themselves. To which group indeed shall a Bolingbroke be assigned? He was patrician, man-about-town and rake; yet where during the age was there a more accomplished statesman? In terms of oratory, at the head of all vanished things he wished could be recovered, Mr. Pitt put a speech of Bolingbroke's. In terms of prose, Matthew Arnold judged him, a century and a half later, a master. In terms of magnetism, Bolingbroke guided Pope, influenced Voltaire, became a model for the young Disraeli. And yet it is not the Bolingbrokes, the obvious geniuses in public life, whose more private performances are most impressive, but rather a whole body of men, no less bookish than rakish, as good judges of country houses as of horseflesh, of wit as of wine, who could as easily hold a table with their talk as Parliament with their oratory, and whose effortless round-the-clock feats involved mind as well as body, and hard work no less than deep play.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Cabin Summer

EMILIE BIX BUCHWALD

I

I was afraid of the bats that swung at twilight
Out of the trees whose souls they were each day,
And I was afraid to sleep alone all night
While trees slowjazzed the roof, brushdrummed my peace away.

In sun, the cabin is just wood, a house among trees,
Reached by a path, all rut and rocks, where autumn grows
Cosmos and yarrow and the spikenard heart of bees,
Poured like noon butter through the stiff snapdragon rows.

A creek runs past, falling through pasture light and woods,
Over shale and crayfish, under a hutch of firs,
Spinning leaves and waterstriders when the year explodes
August artilleries of green, dehiscent burrs.

If one explores the creek to port, Otsego Lake,
One comes upon a sloping graveljut of land,
Strewn with hot puddles (languid, minnows slowly bake)
And catfish eggs in pearlhoards golding in the sand.

Uneasy, like the lake spread in my singleness
(I asked—Let me be alone—and so I was, alone),
I sank upon the days that proffered drowsiness,
And they were amber, pausing on their way to stone.

II

Ripening, as solitude is fertile for the ear,
And as the days prove fine and every evening fair,
I listen to discover what I hear,
And take what I discover is my share.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I hear the smoke that tarnishes the clear lake gray,
Sliding the brow of hills, low on the forest's head,
Driving the midges storming at the edge of day
In thistle fields where sunstruck finches bed.

The air, shining with heat at noon, cools blue and thin,
While subtle lightnings sting the ground to heavy glass,
And I can see, the sun still high, the stars begin,
The day strung on the trees fall buzzing in the grass.

I wake to find my quilt and squinting pillow piled
With moon, whirling trick mirrors, smoke ropes, cloudy lures,
(Nobody left to scold the dazzled child—
Go back to sleep. The moon is no concern of yours.)

And hear, too old at last for necessary lies,
Glistening tuskers burrow in mayapple root,
As old cabala banquets in the southern skies,
Sipping the meadows where she waits me out.

III

Feather antlers begging from the feast some lucent crumb,
Oldfishnet gauzes staining in the bitter rain,
Greedy and alive, smelling the light an ancient home,
A moth big as a sunflower head sits on the pane.

In his eyes the light hangs flint and points of honey,
Old stone and sweetness; all clotted powers liquefy.
Spiders hunt, charting the window's winter sea,
New Pleiades, fled or dying windowed on the sky.

Heart of illusion, order and just measure.
Half-close the eyes—congealed reflections liquefy:
Colors lose proper text, numbers their formal texture,
Silver loaves divide, brown fishes multiply.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Moths' eyes are Pharos; the world in windy spray
Heaves sidewards, listing; rain falls, solider than lead;
Limed flocks of leaves peck at the roaring trees,
Asters sink and ripple in their yellow blood.

I endlessly disown the splintered journeying
Shipwreck where light combed like a moth's thick plume
Feathers to dark. But still I sail and sight, willing
The voyaging, between the star and compass known as home.

✪ EMILIE BIX BUCHWALD is twenty-two years of age. Her poetry has appeared in *Harper's Magazine,* and her first published short story in *Harper's Bazaar.*

"A Cabin Summer" was awarded the Amy Loveman Poetry Prize, presented at Barnard College for the first time last year.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Intellectualism on the Economic Front

EDWIN G. NOURSE

WE HAVE BECOME ACCUSTOMED to thinking of general attitudes in the economic sphere as strongly marked by anti-intellectualism. The "practical" businessman has scorned the "theorist," repudiated the "planner," and openly opposed the very idea of comprehensive social welfare. Labor union officials and members, likewise, have for the most part put their faith in raw force or sharp bargaining and have been skeptical of any "long-haired" leader with policies based on analysis of the relationships of efficient production and equitable distribution. These overt manifestations are, however, somewhat paradoxical, for covertly both the offensive ranks of labor and the defensive ranks of management are moved by beliefs—even if only instinctive ones—as to what makes an economy tick. This fact holds promise that eventually our paradox may be resolved; and I believe that our American way of life is making encouraging progress toward this resolution.

Very little genealogical research is needed to disclose the fact that free enterprise is a legitimate child of the Enlightenment and a brilliant, even if somewhat wayward, grandchild of the Renaissance. The free thinking of "men at work" under nineteenth-century conditions of geographical and technological pioneering led to innovation, evaluation and progress, both in processes and in forms of association among individuals. It led also to overweening confidence in intuitive guesses, personal daring and sheer luck as the determining forces in economic success. The self-made man worshipped his creator, and the public joined in the acclaim. Labor leaders were at least as smug, and were, in general, content to be admired or feared as labor bosses rather than seeking respect

✪ EDWIN NOURSE, a former chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, is vice-chairman of the Joint Council on Economic Education and the author of *The 1950's Come First* and *Economics in the Public Service*.

In clarification of certain time references in this article, the Editors wish to explain that it was first presented as a Phi Beta Kappa Visiting Scholar address in November of 1956, and accepted for publication in the Spring of 1957.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as labor statesmen. But the fact that such anti-intellectualist weeds flourished in the rich soil of modern industrialism should not blind us to the fact that this same garden was blossoming with the flowers and ripening the fruits of science and its engineering application. It is of these expanding harvests that I wish to speak.

Contempt for "book learning" was discredited in the provinces of technology long before it faded in business thinking and the handling of economic processes. But it is mostly within my own lifetime that the change has come and the scientist—even the "pure" scientist—has been co-opted and his experimental laboratory incorporated into the structure of the industrial and commercial corporation. Here the problems to be dealt with were concrete and results demonstrable, so the progress of physical science in the technological area "softened up" the business world and the general public for a second wave of scholars who were debouched into the fields of economics and human relations. It has been only since the First World War that the economist and the statistician have been integrated into the operative and administrative cadres of big business corporations and the trade associations of big and little businesses. Now even a few political scientists and psychologists are being found to have a place of practical usefulness.

This recognition of the scholar in business reflects pragmatic realization of the fact that the affairs of a multibillion-dollar corporation or even a million-dollar business cannot safely be left to hunches and improvisations, however brilliant. Consistently successful operation has to be planned—and planned in a broad social context and a rather long time perspective. Practical men of business leadership came more and more to sublimate their *ad hoc* inspirations into "principles" of management and into price "policies," wage policies, investment policies, public relations policies. Top executives ceased to boast of being graduates of only the School of Hard Knocks and began to regard a university degree as "par for the course" and to attach both practical and prestige value to an M.B.A.—Master of Business Administration.

But there still persisted one of those contradictions so characteristic in the growth of our mores. Although analytical planning for the business firm had come to be broadly accepted, planning

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the economy was bitterly assailed in business circles: such theorists as Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt aroused mistrust, and their professionally trained aides were branded as "brain trusters" or subversive aliens from the Land of the Ivory Tower. Time has progressively softened this spirit of anti-intellectualism, even in popular ideas as to uses the citizen may or should, in the general interest, make of the agencies of democratic government. The scholar has been welcomed into public as well as private business. An important milestone in this development was set up with the passage of the Employment Act of 1946.

To be properly evaluated, that statute needs to be viewed in the historical perspective of some twenty-five years preceding its passage as well as the twelve years of experimental application that have unfolded since its signing. Twenty-five years is not picked arbitrarily. It carries us back to the year 1921, when the Congress passed the National Budget and Accounting Act, and it covers the period of the Great Depression, the New Deal, and the Second World War with its demands for full mobilization of national resources and integration of governmental and private activities.

Each of these events in our national life made its distinctive contribution to the economic thinking of our times and to governmental structures and practices that culminated in the Employment Act.* I view these related phenomena as a cumulating expression of intellectualism in business and government.

With the passage of the Budget and Accounting Act in 1921, we renounced the practice of leaving federal spending to the local autonomy of partisan Congressional committees and the pulling and hauling of special interest groups. We began to look to the President to present a consolidated budget whose parts had been carefully weighed for internal balance, and whose total had been examined in its relation to and impact on the general economy. To achieve these ends (which, of course, came only gradually) the President and the executive departments were given the assistance (and discipline) of a professional civil service of career statisticians and economists.

* This evolution is traced in some detail in Part I of my book on *Economics in the Public Service*.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As the Great Depression of the thirties spread and deepened, thoughtful people came increasingly to feel that such a breakdown of the economy was an insult to our national intelligence. If we could perform such marvels of scientific progress and smoothly organized technology as we did in the production and distribution of physical goods, why not a better job of running our economic machine and maintaining a reasonably steady rate of economic progress? The New Deal was an intellectualist response to that challenge. Whatever its shortcomings, it did at least assert "the primacy of the intellectual function" (to borrow an old Social Science Research Council phrase) in the service of social goals. It formulated a reasoned scheme of agricultural *adjustment* (even though it proved vulnerable to political debauchment), a national program of industrial *recovery*, and a complementary financial *policy* (however naïve its architects).

Each of these segments of the New Deal effort drafted an unprecedented number of professionally trained staff workers, and there were two manifestations of a desire, generally lacking in the past, to integrate the parts into a consistent whole. One expression of this desire took the form of an Executive Council (later, National Emergency Council) in the Executive Office of the President and the bringing in of several "anonymous" but highly professional special assistants to the President as part of the White House staff. More detached from the operational area and devoted to research and exploration of long-run policies of national stability and growth was the National Planning Board—later revamped into a National Resources Board and, still later, the National Resources Planning Board. It may have been that this body served to the Congress too rich and continuous an intellectual feast, or that Congress developed mental indigestion or even ulcers as a result of war tensions. At all events, the National Resources Planning Board was abolished by Congressional action in August of 1943.

Meanwhile, however, the shift of attention from depression problems to war problems had not terminated interest in or reliance upon rational processes and research approaches in the making of large operational decisions. Just as scientists were needed in an Office of Scientific Research and Development, so trained

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

executives and professional economists and statisticians were found needful in the Office of Defense Mobilization. Both economists and psychologists were relied on in the cloak-and-dagger O.S.S., notably in the selection of strategic industrial targets for bombing. Lastly, under a succession of agency titles, economic planning arose from the ashes of the recently guillotined National Resources Planning Board. The title of this new agency of comprehensive economic analysis—Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion—testifies to the continuity of our growing respect for scientific method in confronting successively the social problems of depression, of war and of peacetime programs.

To this brief account of the expanding use of the tools of social science in the guidance of national affairs still another important strand must be added. It goes back even before 1921 to the passage of the Federal Reserve Act in 1913. The money panic of 1907 had made evident how inadequate was our money and banking system to the needs of our growing industrialism. To remedy this defect, the legislation of 1913 adopted the principle of an elastic currency, managed by a policy-making board. This board was instructed to make continuous study of the monetary phase of the national economic process and to prescribe rules of health and institute remedial action when needed. Finding that nowhere were the data available on which policy could be soundly based, the board began at once to develop a system of fact-finding and process analysis that brought the scholar's approach into American banking, a field which had, up to then, been at its best a rule-of-thumb trade, and at its worst an acquisitive racket.

And so to the Employment Act of 1946. Commentators on that statute have too often been preoccupied with the text of its declaration of policy. Some regard this declaration as distressingly vague, some as alarmingly ambitious, and others as essentially nugatory because the act contains no directive of specific means for the attainments of its stated ends. But this declaration must be read in context, and I feel that many of the act's critics have, so to say, failed to "read the fine print." The essential point, as I see it, is that the Employment Act did not presume to have discovered a specific that would cure unemployment or assure economic stability

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and growth. The act was not designed to crystallize the level of understanding existing in 1946. Instead, it undertook to set firmly in our frame of government an analytical apparatus for comprehensive and continuous study of the fast-changing processes of our economic life, for making periodic diagnoses of its ills and accidents, and for objective review of each experimental adjustment *ex post*. Above all, it stressed the integration of special interests and particularized functions into a comprehensive and internally consistent national policy.

The "fine print" in which this procedure is provided includes a mandate for an annual Economic Report of the President to the Congress (Sec. 3), a professional Council of Economic Advisers (with staff) to aid in the preparation of this major state paper (Sec. 4), and a Joint Economic Committee of the Congress to review the President's report, to study national economic problems on its own initiative (with staff and outside professional assistance), and to exercise intellectual leadership in the action committees of the Congress and on the floor of both Houses (Sec. 5).

I have been accused of "taking an exalted view" of the Employment Act. To this soft impeachment I cheerfully plead guilty. The fact that this act was passed with overwhelming support after searching public and Congressional consideration, the features ultimately embodied in it, and the use made of it during the last decade cause me to believe it marks a real step in our country's economic sophistication. It gives me encouragement as to what an enlightened people can achieve through reliance on free choices in an enterprise economy of big and little units, conditioned by and, in turn, conditioning the organizing facilities of free representative government.

So much for our skeletonized account of the emergence of the Employment Act and my personal estimate of its philosophical significance. At most it is only a chapter in a continuing story. Even though you grant my contention that the passage of the Employment Act gave new scope to the intellectual in public affairs, you may quite properly add, "So what?" Even the most competent and high-minded analysts of the nation's economic welfare may differ as to how it may be most effectively promoted. There are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"right-wing" intellectuals as well as "left-wing" intellectuals. The former say to the latter: "You take the high road of 'new era' innovation, and I'll take the low road of proven doctrine, and I'll get to Stable Prosperity before you." I would not suggest that the conservative is an anti-intellectual. But he certainly casts aspersions on the intellectual quality of some of the liberal's premises and promises. He is not above hurling epithets in the heat of verbal battle. A current epithet is "egghead," and because I believe it is a weapon that carries both weight and point, I wish to examine it a bit.

With the advent of this term, the rather plaintive disrespect conveyed by the older expression "high-brow" gives way to frank derision. It seems, as I deduce from its actual applications, to connote a class of persons whose very intensity of intellectual activity has wafted them into a futile otherworldliness. This, it is felt, seriously impairs their fitness for leadership or even full participation in solving the practical problems of administering our mundane affairs. Such disparagement of the intellectual is a natural and persistent attitude of the simple mind in the presence of the profound. But we who honor intellectualism and who crave honor or at least respect as intellectuals cannot afford to let the case rest there.

It would be gratuitous to enter here a defense of the intellectual frontiersman or of the value of pure science, of "basic" research, or of philosophical speculation whose reach far exceeds its grasp. At the same time, history should warn us of the ever-present danger that scholarship can degenerate into mere scholasticism, into arid erudition that, in Pope's phrase, tries to split hairs " 'twixt north and northeast side." Even so, what gives, in my mind, some cogency to the disparagement of the egghead is not the fear of, or contempt for, tireless, indeed fantastic, exercise of the mental faculties, the intellectual's insatiable curiosity, his persistent challenge of accepted answers, and his unfettered imagination. That kind of eggheadism is ready to pay the price for its dreams and has ingrained respect for the relentlessness with which foreseeable consequences follow identifiable causes. At its extreme, this may, I grant, show some deficiencies in the way of intellectual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coldness, manifesting itself in what might be called the hard-boiled egghead.

It is the opposite extreme to which I wish to draw your attention, since I regard it as a more serious threat to the accomplishment of major social goals and particularly those economic goals set up in the Employment Act. As we approach this wing of the phalanx egghead, we find intellectualism more and more diluted with emotionalism. Here we meet the soft-boiled egghead—prone to let the compassionate end justify the dubious means and to jeopardize long-run goals by attempting present short cuts. Since my exploration of this theme is set in the general context of the Employment Act, I believe I can illustrate what I mean (whether or not I persuade you of the soundness of my position) by taking two specific cases. Both will remain centers of public attention and concern even though the oratory of the recent Presidential campaign has now mercifully come to an end—with politics getting a split decision. My two cases are inflation and the farm problem.

The soft-boiled egghead (who is something referred to as the "bleeding heart") notes figures of relative incomes of farmers vis-à-vis certain other classes and sets up a rationalistic measuring stick known as "parity" to define the optimum relationship for farm prices. To attain this goal he devises a mechanism that supports prices at such levels as induce a scale of production that has caused nearly nine billion dollars worth of stocks unmarketable at these levels of price to accumulate in government hands, entailing high carrying costs and with substantial month-by-month or year-by-year deterioration. This level of prices, furthermore, lavishes benefits on a small upper crust of most skillful and highly capitalized farmers and does practically nothing to ameliorate the lot of the lower fringe of undercapitalized or badly located farmers who constitute the real problem group under a statute dedicated to maximum production and purchasing power. There was real intellectualism in the original Agricultural Adjustment—I repeat *adjustment*—Act, but bleeding hearts and economically naïve farmers (to say nothing of politicians—without benefit of adjective) have, as I read the evidence, progressively eroded that rational content.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My second case is broader in its scope and is in fact perhaps the paramount issue in the long-run success of the Employment Act. That statute is much less frequently discussed today in terms of "full employment" and much more often and more helpfully in terms of national economic stability and growth. Since money-flows are the regulatory mechanism through which the process of physical production and income distribution goes forward, it is agreed among economists and understood among sophisticated businessmen and citizens that a reasonably stable dollar is a prime requisite for consistent economic growth or rising general welfare. A broad strategy of government spending and taxing, of credit controls, of private price administration, and of wage negotiation must be patiently worked out, with bilateral expertise and mutual tolerance, if we are to achieve a structure of income and price relations that will consistently promote vigorous growth in a self-stabilizing economy.

But when hearts so bleed at the thought of the veteran or war worker who skimped to buy one hundred dollars worth of war bonds and for those who cherish a dream of "soft-money" magic that we follow a policy of tying the interest rate structure to a 2½ per cent "peg," we are putting sand in the gearbox of the machine on whose efficient functioning the ultimate welfare of all of us must depend. When hearts so bleed for the speculative "home builder" or the host of local automobile dealers that we repudiate even mild restraints on fantastic credit extension we are putting emotion ahead of reason in the administration of our national affairs. Such compromises with principle build an engine of inflation that not only destabilizes our productive machine but also fosters cruel inequities in the distribution of real income. The burden falls most heavily on those in the "fixed" or "sticky" income groups. To particularize, its impact is severe—sometimes even disastrous—on endowed institutions and on the teaching profession.

Now the need for brevity must explain the categorical character of my observations in these two illustrative cases, but leaves without validation the value judgments expressed or implied. I wish to add for the record that, as a one-time agricultural economist,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I firmly believe the principle of agricultural income support has vindicated its usefulness for national economic stability and growth—if administered with economic science, not political opportunism. As a one-time economic adviser to the President, also, I would argue at times for an easy money policy or even for deficit financing. But whether, where, and in what degree such measures are to be applied should be dictated by a reasoned argument of constructive results for the economy, not tenderness for (or fear of) a special group. There are important differences between liberalism and liberality.

True liberalism is properly synonymous with intellectualism or the most objective application of social science to social betterment rather than palliatives, however generous the motives that inspire them—generous, that is, with other peoples' interests. Let no one mistake what I am saying as meaning that I do not include human values in the "package" of ends for which the economist should strive. In this field as in all others, intellectualism should connote wide and deep grasp of the worthiest ends of human life, but also of the most effective means of achieving those ends for all the people in sustainable proportions. Intellectualism in the economic area is the clean cut of corrective surgery, the administering of distasteful medicine, and a disciplined regimen of life in contrast to the misguided affection of the indulgent parent.

Liberalism, in my book, means deep concern for humankind as such, for universal opportunity and incentive for full realization of productive capacities and equitable sharing of the fruits of our common endeavor. To move surely toward these goals the liberal must have his feet firmly on the solid ground of economic efficiency, not lose his head in the pink clouds of emotionalism. By the same token, the true conservative is one who cherishes these age-old dreams of bettering the life of man and who would preserve and refine both the values and the tools already found useful in that upward struggle. Intellectualism is the God-given faculty for objectively viewing and rationally weighing together the desired ends and the available means so that they may be combined in the most efficacious blend.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reminiscences of Proust

JACQUES POREL

Translated from the French by Germaine B. Wilson

WHEN I GOT BACK FROM THE FRONT I renewed many acquaintances and also made new ones. It was then that I met Marcel Proust.

I had never been introduced to him, although in 1912 I had seen him at the Cabourg Golf Club, where I had accompanied my sister. I remembered his name and, of course, his appearance, which was most unusual. He had a beard and wore a blue velvet coat, which was out of style, especially on a golf course. It is needless to add that he did not play golf. He must have been searching for some "young girl in bloom," for Cabourg is Balbec. I had only seen him, knew nothing about him, and had forgotten him.

Before the war I had laboriously read *Swann's Way* in the first edition. As I read, I liked it better and better. Finally, I was completely dazzled by it. My mother knew Proust, and I had forced her to read the book. To make Réjane read *Swann's Way* had been quite a feat. She was impatient, always in a hurry. How could she find time for it? And yet, in spite of the thousand things she had to do, I think she finished it.

One evening shortly after my father's death, as I was turning the key in the lock of my door on the Rue Washington, I saw sitting in the dark hall a tall woman. She was perched on the edge of a chair, like someone ready to get up to ask a favor; in fact she did get up when I entered. It was Celeste Albarret, Celeste without

✪ JACQUES POREL is the son of Madame Réjane, the actress, and Paul Porel, manager and producer, once director of the Odéon Theater. He has lived all his life in Paris, where he has known many of the writers, painters and musicians of the time. M. Porel has written articles for both French and American newspapers and magazines and was one of the editors of *Les Écrits Nouveaux* and *Les Feuilles Libres*.

This article is taken from the first volume of *Fils de Réjane*, a book of reminiscences about his parents, published in 1950 by Plon. The second volume appeared in 1951.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

whom Marcel Proust's life would have been an insoluble problem.

Her speech took much of its color from the works of her master and from the conversation of the admirers who already surrounded him. With many involved sentences and parentheses she tried to explain to me that Proust had been very much touched by what I had said of *Swann's Way* (that was five years before!). He had asked mutual friends to bring me to call on him, and as the friends had so far failed to do so, he had sent her to ask me. But Proust's extraordinary courtesy always contained a certain dose of tyranny: she added, "Monsieur Proust insists that Monsieur Porel come to the Boulevard Haussmann tomorrow evening at eleven." I was astonished, flattered and curious. Also, I wanted to laugh and thought of how my mother would shrug her shoulders if she knew. I accepted.

Celeste took her leave with many humble and graceful gestures. I accompanied her to the door, and there she repeated the day, the hour of the appointment, and how important it was not to disappoint Monsieur Proust, as his whole evening would be planned around my visit.

The next evening I arrived at the Boulevard Haussmann on the dot of eleven. Celeste was there. She ushered me into an old-fashioned apartment. The furnishings, hangings, pictures, outmoded lamps, portraits of Proust's father—all this bric-a-brac seemed to have been left there as part of an estate which was in the process of being settled.

Proust's confidante left me in a small salon where I waited half an hour under a portrait of Professor Proust in his Institut de France gown, wearing a typical nineteenth-century beard and a monocle. When Celeste came back she explained that her master had had an attack and would have excused himself had he not feared to ruin my evening. Although he was quite ill and could hardly talk, in a few minutes he would receive me.

At last I was shown into the famous cork-lined room, which has been described so often. Marcel Proust was in bed, reflecting and holding a pencil with both hands. I thought that I had entered the catacombs.

His face was ashen, and a black beard like the ones seen in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

El Greco pictures covered a visage that also reminded one of an old Persian miniature. His eyes had a strange, pleading expression, and I thought of a wounded raven beside a country road. He wore several woolen Jaeger vests, badly fitted, which made him look deformed. His hands seemed to be made of wax. His first words were to apologize in a thick voice, as if he had not spoken for a long time or was under the influence of some drug. (Let us not forget that Marcel Proust went from veronal to caffeine and then back to veronal.) I noticed the length of his teeth and that wisp of black hair, the same as those in the portraits of Paul Adam and Jean Lorrain or other aesthetes who were now out-of-date and whom my parents had known.

I was uncomfortable in this room filled with the smell of fumigations, with its hotel bed placed beside a piano that in the dark looked like a coffin—his coffin. On the table by his bed lay a pile of copybooks, *Le Temps perdu.*

Proust, however, was recovering the use of his voice. In his eyes one could see the traces of the struggle he had just gone through, and it was impossible to tell whether he would win out in the end. Very quickly the lone man came down to my level and was standing beside me mentally. He always knew what to say to put one at one's ease. With me it was my mother whom he chose as a topic: "That woman. I admire her so much, and she accused me of being a Boche one day at Madame Straus's."

He laughed softly, showing his long teeth. "How wonderful to be called a Boche by Madame Réjane. It is so much better than to be ignored. Now it seems to me I know your mother better than I did before, in spite of the great admiration I have had for her. Also, when she called me a Boche it was on your account—mothers see enemies everywhere—and besides, how could I be angry with her after all the flattering, although exaggerated, things you said about *Swann* when it was published? No matter what I do I shall always remain your debtor."

This way Proust had of flattering one while belittling himself was a sort of exercise for his understanding, a sort of test of the other person, whoever he might be. It was also a sign of profound indifference. One had to win out; that was all. I think that I chose

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the best course. As soon as I got over my surprise I allowed myself to enjoy what he said as one might recline in a good armchair. If I felt like laughing, I laughed. If I wanted to ask a question, I did. It was I, in turn, who was putting him at his ease, and I think he was grateful.

I never met anyone who could, as he did, arouse your own interest in yourself, and without really flattering. Flatterers usually have evil tongues, but Proust was kindly because he saw the whole of everything. When he had praised you, in order to make you believe him, he would praise someone else. But he always remained plausible.

Proust knew better than anyone the scope of human loneliness; but he also knew the need of pretending to ignore it. I never believed that friendship meant more to him than a pleasant exchange of charming manners of the heart; beyond that there was nothing. And one must also remember that, as Mauriac has said, "God is absent from Proust's works and also from his life." The result was that he gave a more prominent place to human beings.

That night I stayed with him until four in the morning. He spoke of everything: of our friends, of his favorite books, of Balzac, of Saint-Simon, of Léon and Lucien Daudet, of Stendhal, of Madame Straus, of Meredith, of my mother, of Chateaubriand, of Reynaldo Hahn, of Dickens, of Picasso, of Dostoevsky and of Marcel Proust.

What he said was very intimate and full of flavor. It was the net result of a long intercourse with great writers. He knew them well and did not fear them. They were his real friends, and he spoke of them as a minute before he had spoken to me of myself. For him there were no more thrones, no privileges; everyone went through the streets arm in arm.

The word *cultured* does not seem to fit Proust. He had an overwhelming knowledge of everything. In his observations he was never didactic or obvious, and he knew better than anyone how to interest you in the personality or the works of a great man. But erudition had not warped his point of view. He was, or pretended to be, as plain as if he were a simpleton. This allowed him to speak

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with great originality on the most trivial subjects. Perhaps this is the real meaning of culture.

His gift for observation was even more striking when it was directed toward the people he knew. He made glorious masterpieces more accessible, but he worked in the opposite direction toward common mortals whom he elevated, turning them into characters in the great novel which is life. One felt a keener pleasure in watching them, for thanks to him they—we—had become rather like heroes. One became as two people: the person one believed oneself to be, and the person he made one out to be.

Toward the end of his life, Marcel seemed to care no longer for anyone he knew, not even his friends. It was unavoidable. Those he had known and loved had gone to join the characters of his books and had mixed with them. Only the observer was left, the moralist of a whole generation. His method, which had become almost a mania, did not permit him to do otherwise; he was condemned to go on to the end.

When I left him on that first morning I had the comforting feeling that everything was worth observing and, consequently, worth living. In the first few minutes he had judged me; after my third visit he knew me better than any of my intimate friends. It is flattering to feel that one is known, even for an assassin. It is even more so for an average man. Solitude seems lighter, time goes more quickly. In most conversations interlocutors remain, as one says, on their positions. It was not so when talking with Proust; one felt known, forgiven, bewildered but surpassed. One felt as if one were conversing with one's second self, yet a far superior self.

This charm, this slow invasion of his, was partly due to his mode of life. Proust spent most of his time in bed. It is hard to think of him otherwise than as in the horizontal position in which the intelligent patient ceases to sleep or to suffer in order to dominate. Lying in bed had given him the possibility of examining things and people much more profoundly. Bed, if I may say so, explains a great deal of Proust's work.

When one thinks of him—writer, novelist, chronicler or moralist—one feels that it is impossible to separate the man from his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

works, which were the prolongation of his life. A man's habits and peculiarities have never influenced his writings as much as in Proust. In his work he utilized the smallest details of his life, and he himself often intervened between his characters.

This made it all the more interesting to know him. Proust was like no one else. He was the man who was about to write what you would soon be reading. When he discovered some details which seemed insignificant, one understood, seeing his delight, that those incidents were going to be used. They were the mysterious food of this strange vampire.

Much has been said about his snobbism. I think it was due partly to the fact that he made up about society a sort of fairy tale for grownups which enchanted his long hours of solitude. On the other hand, how could he have gone as deeply as he did in the study of certain characters and of certain milieux if he had not participated wholeheartedly in their lives and adopted their points of view? No author has ever been as cruel and at the same time as understanding toward his characters. He says everything about them, he turns them inside out; but first he falls head over ears in love with them.

Proust's critics said many stupid things about his snobbishness. He knew it and laughed at it. He never allowed this snobbishness, which he had well in hand, to interfere with his knowledge of intelligence, nobility of character and beautiful sentiments. It was useful to him, and he utilized it. At times he may seem to act as a page to great ladies and stately gentlemen, but he goes much farther with his pitiless exactitude. No one has ever dared to write about them as he has written. One feels that his heart really goes out to certain humble and intelligent people, particularly to certain artists; to those he always returns.

In fact, everything goes back to a question of connection between human beings. Proust does not tell a yarn but describes the thousand aspects of a world and its hidden springs through intelligence, sensitivity and memory of details. None, in his eyes, are unimportant. One detail may have more significance in the whole of the work than a change of regime or a tidal wave. One must be

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prejudiced or stupid not to realize that those details are more than a dilettante's fastidiousness; they are true, deep observations of human nature, a sort of scientific revolution in the history of the heart of man. Men of science do not judge Proust lightly because, in contrast with the superficial readers, they do not misjudge the methods he used and the results he obtained.

When Proust looked at you from his bed, he looked absent; and yet he was devouring you, feeding on whatever you brought him in order to utilize it toward his mysterious ends. When Proust appeared to be giving in to one of his characters or to one of his visitors, a prisoner in the cork room, beware; he was in process of getting around him. At first it was like a sort of praise. The poor fellow was caressed, enveloped by a most affectionate look, then the charm operated, the clothes fell off him one by one, and soon one saw a naked man.

One should judge Proust only as a whole. One day, answering someone criticizing his lack of composition, he said: "I believe it is unjust. My construction may astonish, but I have wanted it as it is. In the volumes still to be published there are fragments which justify the developments which cannot yet be explained."

It is true that his is a queer Byzantine architecture, certainly not a classic one; but everything holds together. His conception is not very French—in the usual sense—because he shows much humility in front of artistic composition and has a most devilish tendency to uninterrupted analysis. But the composition exists; *Le Temps retrouvé* proves it.

Proust—a sick man—used inquest as the only means for the execution of his work. It was the only drug which permitted him to live. We may ask if he had ceased to write, would he not have died sooner. There was such intercourse between his life and his work that when he had finished the latter, life itself had to stop.

When he got up his looks became even stranger than when he was lying in bed. His pallor became more striking. His feet, unused to shoes, made him vacillate slightly. His black hair reached his collar, and his long head was buried in frail shoulders. His evening dress was out of style. He looked like a bashful, sheepish bride-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

groom who probably would not have the courage to go through the ceremony. He looked uncomfortable in his fur-lined overcoat; and this is the way I saw him on my fourth visit.

I forget what restaurant we went to at half past ten that evening. He spoke of Balzac without a pause. I have listened to many Balzac fanatics in my day, but none had quite the Proustian way. Without being didactic he created the impression that one was going to see Balzac himself, that the great man would come in and sit at our table. Isn't that knowing an author through and through?

After my mother, Proust was the first person to whom I spoke of my intended marriage. He knew that I was young, inexperienced and that I had just wasted three years of my life in a stupid war—stupid like all wars—and he was wise enough not to try to dissuade me. To be able to imagine, to put oneself in another's place, can one ask more of friendship? At the bottom of his heart, though, he thought that my marriage was a crazy idea; and one day he could not refrain from saying to me, "I fear for you when I think of your starting life with this beautiful burden in your arms." He knew I was not, as one says in families, "ready for marriage," so he was discreet without, however, withdrawing his interest and attention altogether.

He did have that rare gift of being there although absent. Marcel knew that no one can prevent lighthearted people like me from going beyond their possibilities. When I came in he used to say, "Celeste, see that all the windows are tightly closed or Monsieur Porel will fly away." He always called me "Porel-le-léger."

There is a comic side as well in Proust's work, and I have seen him in fits of laughter. I have heard him describe the medley of the stock exchange and the heavy blunders of the General Staff with an irresistible drollery. When gendarmes came to call on him in 1917 to see if really he was not fit for service, he described the scene to us afterward in a way worthy of Jarry. He also amused me greatly by describing a visit, one day early in the war, from Paul Morand, of whom he was quite fond, dressed in a Zouave uniform.

Marcel had a prodigious memory for anecdotes, events and faces, but also for written lines. He knew by heart whole passages from Montaigne, Saint-Simon, Balzac, Stendhal, Chateaubriand,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Flaubert (mostly from *L'Éducation sentimentale*), even from translations like *The Idiot* and *War and Peace*. He was inexhaustible when it came to discussing Meredith; but to whom in France, where he is not known, can one speak of Meredith? It was the same with Dickens (*Bleak House* was one of Marcel's favorite books) and, of course, Ruskin. He could recite practically all of *Les Fleurs du Mal,* much of Hugo, almost all of Vigny, entire fragments from the tragedies of Racine. I have known only two people whose memories could be compared to his: my father and Philippe Berthelot.

He loved the obstinate good sense of simple people; this he shows in the character of Francoise as it appears in his books. This was also noticeable when after Celeste left his room, having just made a remark worthy of Molière, he would then turn his head toward the wall and hide his mirth in the folds of the curtain. Proust himself was certainly not simple, but he loved simplicity.

When I knew him, one had the impression that he already had left active existence to give himself entirely to his fruitful method of contemplation. I want to say that I do not think that there was anything left in his life other than the preoccupation caused by his work and the need of finishing it. I did see near him during the last years a youthful companion whom he had taken in, but my impression was that he liked to watch a young human being whom he was helping—nothing more.

His own youth has been much commented upon; but when in 1917 and 1918 he spoke of homosexuality, one had the impression that he was looking upon it from far away, if not with complete indifference, then at least with impartiality. He watched its growth, did not commend it, but made fun of it: " 'They' are so numerous now that 'they' are the normal ones." He added, "See So-and-So, he is 'normal'; that is certain." Or about a man who loved women: "X, that one, I can vouch that he is completely 'abnormal.' " He knew that I was completely "abnormal" and thought it was fine. Never in his presence have I felt the uneasiness often caused by the "normals." He spoke about them very simply, as one who has withdrawn from everything.

I believe that he gave Albertine the feminine sex in order not

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to shock his readers—though in many other instances he did not spare them—and also to generalize widely the character. This was unfortunate: Albertine is the least alive, the least true of all his characters. One can feel the *arrangement* of the author, which has always bothered me. I would have preferred him to go straight to his objective and give the hero his true name. Even if he has made profound remarks about this hermaphrodite, there is not between the author and this character the same frankness that exists between Odette and Swann, for instance. It is a pity and one more proof that in art nothing can compare with truth.

One day in 1918, Marcel told me that he had to leave his apartment, the one he had lived in for so long. For the sick man this amounted to a tragedy; he would have to change his habits. I have always thought that this move hastened his death. He did not know where to go. His asthma, his hay fever and his nervous condition made it impossible for him to live in many houses or districts. Naïvely I proposed that he come and live in our house on Rue Laurent Pichat. There my mother, who was the proprietor, kept for my sister's eventual return an apartment in which she had put a little furniture. Why he decided in favor of this lodging unworthy of him I cannot tell, but I have always regretted it, for he was not happy there. The nearness to the Bois made his asthma worse, and he lived there for about six months in evident discomfort, from March to October of 1919.

I had then been married about one year. My mother lived on the second floor, my wife and I on the third, Proust on the fourth. Although he always said that he was a wretched tenant, we found him the most delightful of neighbors. In the evening, if he felt like chatting, he banged three times on the floor with a stick, as they did in the old days in the theater. I answered by hitting the ceiling three times with a broomstick and went up to see him. Once, for instance, he had just read Giraudoux's *La Nuit à Chateauroux,* which had delighted him. Giraudoux came to see him at Rue Laurent Pichat. And it was there that Marcel also read the poems of Fargues, which he thought very beautiful.

In his apartment I often saw Jacques Rivière, the editor of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the *Nouvelle Revue Française.* Proust was responsible for the publication of one of my miserable short stories in that magazine. On that occasion he said to me, "My friends don't have to succeed for me to appreciate them, but I rather like outside approval to confirm what I have always thought of them."

As the lift did not always work in our building, my mother and Marcel often met on the stairs. The two invalids would exchange a few words; then he would dream of her, and the next day talk about her to me at length.

In the autumn he left us. He had found on Rue Hamelin, at the corner of the Avenue Kleber, a furnished flat where he was equally unhappy. It was his last move. I often went there to see him and knew that he was no better off than with us. It was there that in December of 1919 he heard that he had been awarded the Goncourt Prize. It was really more as if the Marcel Proust prize had been awarded to that Academy. My mother told me to ask him what she could give him that would please him. He said without one moment's hesitation, "Her photograph as the Prince de Sagan in the Épatant Club Revue." I took it over to him, and he was delighted. In order to thank her he wrote in *Comédia* a page about her which was published with the photograph.

Time was passing, Proust's work was reaching completion, and my mother was more and more ailing. The first performance of Gide's translation of *Antony and Cleopatra* took place on June 14, 1920. My mother, in fact, had planned to go. During the intermission Proust heard that she was dead. He left at once and came to Rue Laurent Pichat. I was in a state of great agitation. One's suffering can take any form. I went to the door myself; he was the first person I had seen.

He looked thunderstruck, white, immobile, as if petrified by his pity and his friendship. I must have said insane things, for he was silent and gazed upon me with his long, sad look. Two days later he wrote me the following letter:

Dear Jacques,

It is only since yesterday morning that I can cry with you. On the previous night the blow had been too sudden and so physical that I

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was like those animals who do not move any more than if they were paralyzed. Relaxation with tears came only the next morning. My tired eyes cannot read the newspapers, but I have nevertheless read Bidoux's article and your mother was so dear to me without my knowing it that I cannot even read mere technical praises without tears. Keep inside you for the day when you can use it what I said to you the other night. Those words mean nothing to you now, perhaps they may even go against some bitter thoughts. But you will find them comforting when you have traveled the path between the wrench of separation and remembrance; one cannot, alas, spare you those dreadful meanderings.

My respectful homage to Madame Porel and allow me to kiss you.

Marcel

When two years later Robert Proust called me, I knew what it was; and I saw once more on his bed with his black beard—the same as in Cabourg—my astonishing friend. In memory of my mother I put on his finger a ring, a cameo, which Anatole France had given her many years before.

At his brother's request I went to fetch his old friend Helleu, who came with his etcher's brass plate. Then came Dunoyer de Segonzac, and finally Man Ray, who took a photograph which looks like that of death itself.

His brother, who certainly was not a romantic, told me that Marcel had not wanted to go on living. Proust was fifty-one, like Balzac. It was impossible not to think of that.

In 1930, when I arrived in New York, I was stupefied to see a flock of eager reporters come toward me. I had been heralded as the intimate friend of Marcel Proust. The writer's fame had grown to such an extent that this was sufficient to give importance to an unknown traveler. Everywhere he was spoken of, his works were studied. In a few years he had begun to shine all over the world.

In June of 1948, a plaque was installed in memory of my mother at the house on Rue Laurent Pichat. I had a twin one put up next to it as a reminder that one of our greatest authors had also lived there. All the honors due to his literary fame would follow, but this modest one was the first. The old house, greatly honored by these two names, has since then taken on a festive look.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letter From Finland

SOL WORTH

INSIDE THE AIR TERMINAL AT HELSINKI we could not help feeling alien. Seeing Finnish and Swedish on the direction signs was strange, but it was seeing them in Russian also that really made us feel far away. We found one lone clerk who spoke a little English, and he directed us through customs and took us to a bus, informing me that we would be met at the air terminal in Helsinki proper. We were met there and taken to Satakuntatalo, a student dormitory, and to a beautiful room with three beds. There was a big picture window, and running vertically at its side was an open vent of polished pine. The window was made of two panes of glass with a three-inch air space in between; the vent was a three-inch-thick, six-inch-wide piece of pine which closed with a great latch that reminded me of the big, thick doors to a butcher's cold-storage room. I muttered something about how cold it must get in Finland, accepted a map and instructions for getting to the Educational Foundation offices in the morning, and we were asleep.

I have been here eight months now. The frantic first days, when we walked around the city gaping like tourists, seem far away. We had been told before leaving the States that housing was difficult but that "in the past the Foundation has always been able to find housing for grantees." Housing was not difficult; it was impossible. For six weeks we packed and unpacked and moved five times before finding an apartment we could stay in for four and a half months.

After a week of marveling at a city where a new, modern apartment house stood next to a great old Russian-style church with a green copper onion-domed roof, I decided I could not gape forever and asked my way to the Taideteollinen Oppilaitos (Institute

✪ SOL WORTH is a painter, film maker and advertising photographer. This letter was written from Finland during a year spent as Fulbright Lecturer in Photography at the Ateneum in Helsinki.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the Industrial Arts), known familiarly to us as the Ateneum, where I was to teach. We were then living in the P.F.U.K., the Finnish Y.M.C.A.

I had passed the school many times. It is right in the center of town, across the street from Eliel Saarinen's railroad station (built in 1906 and considered the first modern building in Europe) and the big square with its statue of Alexis Kivi and the Kansallisteatteri (National Theater). I had seen this big baroque and Renaissance and neoclassic structure, but never dreamed it was an art school. The central portion is the National Art Museum, and surrounding it is the art school, over and under and on all sides, except for the front which is the entrance to the Museum. The school burrowed and flowed with dark passageways and halls lined with dusty plaster casts and old statuary. Along miles of halls and stairways there were rooms for pottery and weaving, porcelain painting and typography, sections for bookbinding and furniture design, metalcraft and silversmithing, composition and graphics and sculpture. There was an old wood-burning kiln about twenty-five feet high, and there were two telephones, one in the office and one in the library. I couldn't wait to see the photography department. The Rector finally unlocked a door, and I was ceremoniously led into an empty room measuring one hundred and twenty-five cubic meters.

"Das ist den Photographischen atelier. Ist es gross genug?" The Rector spoke no English, and we did as best we could with my poor and his excellent German.

"Nein," I answered.

And he said, "Aber das ist der einzigste platz, heir mussen sie ein atelier machen." He delegated an architecture student to help draw up the plans, and I had to design darkrooms and order equipment. There was nothing to begin with. My job was to initiate a photography department, and I felt young and full of energy.

I was here as a photographer. My lectures were ready. My teaching plan was ready. I talked with the Rector, and he said that they would like me to give one lecture for everybody, in addition to my laboratory course. The faculty and all the students would want to come. It would be given on Mondays from twelve to one. Then he added that we would start building the darkroom to-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

morrow, and then next week he would go with me to the camera store and we would purchase equipment. No rich American I; the studio requirements were pared to the bone: the simplest studio camera, a small tripod, an enlarger, galvanized sinks, just three spotlights, and some cheap five-hundred-watt lamps. There was no need for expensive equipment.

We arrived at the store, and I told the manager through an interpreter what I would need. "You mean you want an 18 by 24 cm. camera? No one uses them here; the biggest is a 9 by 12 cm." And it was much the same with the spotlights: there were none in Finland. As for the tripod and the enlarger, I went unsuccessfully to every store in Helsinki and met many photographers. "You are right, we must learn to use professional equipment—but where will we get it?"

The darkroom was finished, in a manner of speaking. But still, after sixteen weeks, there were no cameras, no lights, no enlarger. When I felt discouraged, the Finns told me, "Professor Worth, do not be discouraged; help us. We need someone to tell us how. You see, we just don't know."

I finally started my lecture course. I was led to a small room, the *Opettajahuone* (teachers' room). That is where the teacher sits until the watchman cleans the blackboard. (*Watchman* is not a good word; really only the Yiddish word *shamus* explains him: he is the Rabbi's assistant who traditionally chases the recalcitrant children to Sunday school and boxes their ears.) Then, after all the students were seated and had finished coughing, there was a knock on the door, a formal bow, and I was on my own in Finland.

The room was jammed. Students were sitting on the top of lockers at one end of the room. My first lecture was called in my notes "Photo: Intro. Philo." I started to tell about how pictures came to be used to record things and to make gods and devils real, and about the difference between pictures and words, how artists for years were the recorders, and how today artists do not worry about trying to imitate the real world. Photography, too, had gone through this stage. To show a horse running in the first motion picture was the height of human ingenuity, but today photography realizes that it, too, can deal with man's thoughts, that it cannot

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be left only to record the world as we see it. Photography must take its place as one of the great new means of expression.

I guess it was at this moment that I began to know that feeling I had heard about from the other Americans lecturing here. There was no fidgeting; there was no restlessness. Suddenly I had the horrible feeling that no one could understand me, and I remembered when my daughter was two and a half and I tried to explain why she must not try to cross the street alone. I talked on and on, and her eyes had that same look. I said, "Debby, can you understand me?" And she said, "Yes, but not the words you say."

I stopped and asked, "How many of you can understand English?" I got about four hands. I suppose I looked so shocked that six others raised their hands and said, "A little." I finished the lecture and realized that I had to do something. The students were utterly unfamiliar with photography as well as English. They had seen very few films other than the Hollywood product, and almost no educational or documentary films. I turned my lecture course into a photography appreciation course. I showed documentaries, educationals, "How to's," experimental films. I had to write out a brief talk and explanation and have it read to the class in Finnish. This proved to be fairly successful.

In my studio class, which was from five to eight one night a week, we ran into more severe problems. I still didn't have a camera or lights, but I had a darkroom and a 35 mm. enlarger. At my first class ten students arrived; four spoke English. And I felt they were scared, either of me or of the situation. So I talked for a while, then gave them a fifteen-minute break, and asked those who understood me to translate for those who didn't. This they liked. By now we were doing fine. I had to work out pictures to substitute for words like *film, emulsion, cameras, lenses.* We talked in German and in English and in Finnish. Since we had no camera as yet, we were doing photograms, compositions using light from the enlarger and bits of things—a feather, crumpled cellophane, paper clips—almost anything that could be laid in a pattern on a piece of sensitized paper and exposed. The students seemed to feel this was fun, and because of their art backgrounds they grasped the design potential quickly. And they liked it because it didn't require too much tech-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nical skill. All the students, I should explain, were art majors; most of them had had no photographic experience at all. Three had what in America would be considered beginning amateur experience. Some were not even particularly interested in photography before this course, only just plain curious about the American professor and about photography.

Finally I was able to scrounge editing equipment from the United States Information Service, and we began re-editing old documentaries. At present we are combining a film about Greek olive trees with a film about the Canadian Mounties; the students have labeled it *Kylmää ja Kuumaa* ("Hot and Cold"). When and if we get a camera and lights we can start taking pictures.

But Finland has many difficulties. It is a nation in a most unusual position. It exists in the framework of the modern world, has a reasonable amount of contact with it, and yet in many ways refuses, or is unable (I cannot yet tell which), to accept a great number of the really basic values of the Western world. Being an artist and in close contact with artists for almost all of my life, it was in this realm, naturally, that I first noticed the tremendous difference between the United States and Finland. True, I don't know them all, but with every working artist I know in the States there has sooner or later come up that old cry of pain and discontent, "Why can't I have a place to work in peace and earn a living at it?"

Imagine then the glee with which I discovered the Arabia Factory in Helsinki. This is one of the largest ceramic factories in the world, and it is a great industrial empire in Finland, manufacturing dishes, bathtubs, electric insulators. Its eighth floor, with a view of the water, holds about twenty-five small studios, each with a working setup that would be the envy of every ceramicist in the world. The Arabia Factory hires artists, some of whom have studied ceramics, some not. Almost all are graduates of the Ateneum. I have been visiting with these people now for many weeks. Some speak English and have taught ceramics in the States, such as Kyllikki Salmenhaara. There is a husband-wife team, he Finnish, she Italian—the Lindhs. One is a German nonobjective painter who has been living here for the past six years—Schultz-Köln. Mikki has been at Arabia for twenty-five years, is over seventy, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

still models little animals in clay. Rut Bryk is perhaps the greatest phenomenon in ceramics today. She is not strictly a potter because she paints on slabs of clay with glazes; her work has a quality which puts it on the very highest shelf of artistic endeavor. Although all these artists are different, they share one common trait: they are workers; they work for Arabia; their work belongs to Arabia in the same way that a chef's food belongs to the restaurant. So Arabia sells their work, at high prices, but at the same time Arabia has in these artists the finest source for new designs in the world.

I met Vapaavuori, a sculptor working there. I had seen some of his abstract pieces and was intensely interested, for his was the only abstract sculpture I had seen in Finland. I asked him, "What are you working on now?" He pointed to a toilet bowl. I thought he didn't understand my bad German, so I asked again. "This toilet bowl," he repeated and walked over to show me. It took me days to accept this to the point that I could go back and talk to him.

While waiting for the darkroom at the Ateneum to be built and looking for that nonexistent apartment, I had met Tapio Wirkkala, chief of the design department of the Ittala Glassworks and one of the best-known Finnish designers. He phoned one day and asked me if I would like to go to Ittala with him; he had to work out some new designs, and this would give me a chance to see something of how glass was made here and the possibilities of a movie. The factory is a tremendous barn-like building, perhaps 400 feet by 600 feet, the central room at least 75 feet by 150, filled with what seemed to me to be totally random white fires and wildly swinging balls of molten glass. The air was steeped with the smell of heat, the low hissing of flame under pressure and, every once in a while, the wild crash of a ton of broken glass being thrown into a furnace. After the incredible process of blowing and shaping and heating and cooling, out would come glasses to be inspected. If they were flawed in any way, they were thrown into huge crates to be broken and reheated. I spoke to the chief blower, a man older than the others who had all been trained during the last eight years in Ittala's school of glass blowing. I was drawn to the crates of discards. I kept picking up the vases, the flasks, the drinking glasses, some with only a tiny pinhole air bubble, others with a ripple in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

glass. Finally I asked, "What do you do with this stuff?" The chief blower said, "We break it and throw it back; it's not perfect." "Couldn't I have a piece, then, if you're throwing it away?" "Of course not. If it's not good enough to sell, it certainly isn't good enough to give as a present."

If the contrast between this and America hadn't been so great and so fascinating, I would have been too embarrassed to continue. I thought of the American businessman who says, "I can sell it cheaper if it's flawed; people want it, and I make money." And then of the Finnish craftsman-artist-worker-businessman who says, "I designed it without the bubble, and it cannot go out imperfect. The factory makes money selling perfect glass." It seems in many cases that this Fulbright grant has given me a chance to become all confused again.

All this time, too, I had talked to the designers, the director of the Finnish National Theater, the concertmaster of the Helsinki Orchestra. And I began desperately to ask everyone where the painters and sculptors were. I asked Wirkkala if he ever painted. No. I asked Rut Bryk if she ever painted. No, she used to be a textile designer. I went back to Arabia, determined to talk to Vaapavuori once more. We spoke slowly in German, and gradually I began to feel that I was learning something basic of Finland. I asked him, "You are an artist who makes in clay things which are not of the real world (nonobjective). How do you feel about making toilet bowls?"

"I am unhappy that I can't make my sculpture, but I am happy that I can make things that people need."

"Why can't you make your sculpture?"

"I can, but I don't like to make something that people don't want. Nobody bought my nonobjective pieces, so maybe they are not as good as my toilet bowls."

"I don't understand. In America if artists were paid and allowed to work in their various mediums, they wouldn't stop because people didn't buy what they made."

"Oh, you artists in America are different. You don't belong to the real life there, so it is easy for you not to care about anything but what you think. Here I am a respected worker, and it is ex-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pected that my employer will be able to sell what I make. I don't make it for myself, and maybe what I was making before was wrong if no one liked it except a few artists."

I had seen some Finnish arts and crafts in New York before I came here—glassware, ceramics, weaving—and I was very much impressed. We spent the first weeks going from shop to shop, then dragging from shop to shop. Instead of having seen a tiny segment of the good design, we had seen it all. "Let's try to find some painters," I said. "They'll know where the good things are."

We couldn't find any. There weren't any painters at the Ateneum—I mean painters such as you would find in New York, Paris, Rome. There are landscape artists in Finland, there are portrait painters, but I could find no painters interested in any of the newer ideas about painting. I looked for other sculptors, and again found creators of portraits and memorials, and nothing else. To be sure, they were craftsmen, but only one or two would call themselves sculptors.

The designers were aware of everything going on in art in other parts of the world. The ceramicists were part of the Western art tradition. The *ryijy* (wall rug) makers were doing fantastic things in an age-old medium, but in the modern idiom. Why was there no painting or sculpture tradition on a similar level? I had always felt that at the top of artistic expression (at least in our Western culture) were the painters and the sculptors, and that their new ideas and methods of thinking influenced the crafts—a sort of trickle-down law of aesthetics. But this is not true in Finland; designing is the highest expression of art. I was so torn about trying to judge it, even about whether I should.

But I found that this measure of artistic endeavor was a crowbar for me. I began to pry up and peer into all sorts of things about Finland which I could not understand at all before. Why is everything the same in Finland? If you go into fifty bakeshops in Helsinki, you will find the same breads and the same cakes in every one. (Their pastry is different from ours, and for a while it was a joy to gorge.) For six weeks we had to eat in restaurants. We had dreamed of strange foreign dishes—reindeer, fish, ox. Almost every-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one, however, served the same food, prepared in the same way—all were prosaic.

The sameness of everything was a shock to me. The clothes were the same, in drab colors, but yet nobody was badly dressed. I saw almost no one dressed in rags. I had heard about Rome and Paris, about poor, starving Europe. Everyone in Finland says eternally, "We are a poor country," but the shops were full. Oranges from Israel and peaches from Spain, and the market was loaded with food. It wasn't easy to keep the food flowing. The government was breaking its back over the burden. There was no great variety, but certainly an appearance of plenty. What kind of world was this?

There are hundreds of furniture shops in Helsinki, but each one seems to carry the same furniture. I spent one afternoon in the Artek furniture store talking with the manager. This is the store owned, I believe, by Alvar Aalto, Finland's world-renowned architect. The manager is a woman, good-looking, cultured, sophisticated. She speaks English perfectly, and we talked about Finnish furniture. I asked her why the Aalto stacking stools were more expensive in Finland than they had been in the Artek store in New York.

"Because you Americans don't care what the price is as long as you make a profit."

I knew she was getting annoyed, but I continued asking. "Why don't you make more chairs, then you could sell them cheaper? Why can't you use better production methods, then you could make more?"

She glared at me, as only a well-bred, highly cultured Finnish lady can, and she said, "That's what's wrong with all you Americans. You think there has to be more of everything. Why should everyone have to sit on Aalto chairs? You think everything has to be better. You are always trying to make everything better. Why must a good thing be made better? Why?"

I didn't know why. As a matter of fact I had never thought of asking that particular "Why."

But I couldn't help feeling that all these ideas, so strange to me,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

were somehow connected. "Why must it be better?" "I work in a factory and they expect to sell my work." And I still could not find a body of artists working as artists.

After four months I was sure that I had the solution. The Finns are just an unimaginative people. They can't soar to the heights we can. They aren't even interested in "art." They don't care about food. It's food, that's all. Clothes are clothes. Why make them different or better as long as these keep one warm? They are dull people, plodding and living without the niceties of our culture, with no refinements and no flights of fancy.

Through the course of eight months my feelings about Finland and my work here have been in constant flux. At first I was terribly disappointed at not having equipment. But I soon began to feel I was doing a great deal by helping to start a photography school, the first in Finland. Then I felt disappointed because getting a department started was even harder than getting equipment. And then, as I began meeting members of the government and of the army, and people from the university, more and more Finns, interested people who came to me after lectures to ask what they could do to help, I couldn't help asking myself, "Why don't they do something themselves, all these people who formed committees and so on; how could they go so long without even one photography school?"

I see now that starting a school needed more than a knowledge of the subject. Before it could become possible for Finns to have photography schools, they had to have a curriculum—one that could be accepted by the Ministry of Education, and implemented after I left. They had to have teachers. I suggested that the United States, through the Fulbright program, help by purchasing equipment. But before the United States could give anything away, there had to be an official body of Finns representing photography to accept it. An official government body needs government money. A Finnish photographic unit also needs money and time and trained people. True, it was hard for Finland to get going, but it also occurred to me that the United States doesn't have a government sponsored photographic unit either.

I am not so sure now about this lack of imagination or this lack

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of color. In a country where winter shrouds everything in grays and whites, a pale yellow shrieks.

To a Finn his stores are gloriously, enchantingly full, because not so long ago the only things you could buy were, literally, matches, vinegar and writing paper. (Women wore paper dresses and paper girdles.) Everything else was black market. The lack of imagination might possibly be my own; the Finns weren't soaring my way.

Generally, the people of Finland seem to be a people deeply rooted in "real" things, things they can hold and feel and use. They seem uncomfortable with abstract things. They like to imagine real things. When I think of someone imaginative, or something, it's usually a poet, a painter, an Einstein, a concept not derived from logical processes and not particularly practical or useful. The Finn doesn't seem comfortable in the realm of the so-called "useless." He imagines ceramics, weaving, glassware, houses. A Finnish friend said to me, "You say that art enriches life; you mean that the taste and ideas of the artist are used by the everyday worker and craftsman to make the things we use and live with. You mean that the producers are inspired by the artists. Well, we are more economical. Our designers are producers. Our artists work directly; they create the things we live with. What do we need painters for?"

I accused them of having no imagination in films and in photography. One Finn said that this was typical "American criticism;" that because I saw the problem I assumed it could be solved, and accused them of lack of imagination because it wasn't. He admitted that perhaps they saw the problem a little more clearly now, but he felt that the solution demanded schools, teachers, equipment, costly schools and expensive equipment—in short, money.

How was a government without money, fighting to find ways to pay its civil servants, just ending years of paying reparations to Russia, going to find money for photography when it was trying to find ways to continue importing oranges to feed children during the dark and sunless winters. And it *is* dark and cold and sunless. They cannot find enough money for housing to keep up with the need. People are doubled and tripled up. They are fighting to reduce the high rate of tuberculosis. Should they take the money

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the hospitals? There are not enough schools to teach reading and writing, much less photography. Creative photography! They have hardly been able to train enough people to develop X rays as yet.

It may be true that the Finnish people are not so imaginative as Americans, if by "imaginative" is meant a sort of exuberant jumping after and into new ideas, a frenzied crash program of enthusiasm for the new. The Finns are, however, a fantastically tenacious people with a special word, *sisu*, which they define proudly as "It's hard to start us, but it's impossible to stop us."

Inherently somewhat afraid of "self-expression," it is most difficult for a Finn to be comfortable talking about himself. When he says, "I am your friend," he does not mean that he will give you the shirt off his back. It is understood that he would give you his right arm; and only having one right arm, he limits his friends.

He is personally repelled by the "stupendous" and the "colossal." He is uneasy pursuing "art." Yet a popular Finnish book will sell 800,000 copies to a population of 4,500,000. He supports thirteen repertory theaters in Helsinki alone, a city of 400,000, that play a full ten-month season of plays, past and present, from every corner of the globe. A Helsinki theater schedule in the daily papers makes Broadway look provincial.

The Finn is the most undemanding person of others, and the most demanding of himself. When I asked Jack Witikka, the executive director of the Finnish National Theater, why he was so anxious to do Samuel Beckett's *Fin de Partie* this season, he said, "Because I'm not sure I can do it, and it's a good play to fail on."

And when I saw the chapel at Otaniemi that Heikki and Kaija Siren designed, I felt that this was a really great religious expression. I asked, "Heikki, do you go to church much?" He mumbled, "No, but sometimes I build churches. Everybody prays in his own way."

What then is Finland's way? I don't know. But I feel I must watch. I don't think I'll come away with the answers, but then, before this Fulbright, I didn't know the questions.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reappraisals

James Thurber: the Primitive, the Innocent, and the Individual

ROBERT H. ELIAS

The angel that writes names in a book of gold must long ago have put McNulty down as one who delighted in his fellow man. His delight in human beings was warm and deep and, though he deserved to be called a social critic, he was concerned mainly with men, not Man, with persons, not People.
James Thurber, "My Friend McNulty"
(*The World of John McNulty*, 1957)

For more than a generation James Thurber has been writing stories, an impressive number of them as well shaped as the most finely wrought pieces of Henry James, James Joyce and Ernest Hemingway, as sensitively worded as the most discriminatingly written prose of H. L. Mencken, Westbrook Pegler and J. D. Salinger, and as penetrating—especially during what we can call his "major phase"—as the most pointed insights of those two large poets of our century, E. A. Robinson and Robert Frost. Yet, slightly older than Hemingway and Faulkner, he has been the subject of no full-length studies, nor has he been prominently mentioned, as he long ago should have been, for the Nobel Prize. In fact, it is only within the past four years that he has been treated to any adequately extended critical consideration at all. For the most part, when he has not been dismissed as simply a cartoonist, he has been condemned by a conglomeration of whimsical reviews, human interest features full of newsworthy legends and pictures, and that extinguisher of merit, the label, to the minor category of humorist—a kind of latter-day Mark Twain saved from the lamented excesses by *New Yorker* sophistication. The truth, however, is that among our living writers he is virtually our only creator of serious comedy and one of the few humanists who can make an affirmation without either a chip or a Christ symbol on his shoulder. Indeed, in Thurber's prose the individual is best off when freed of all the paraphernalia of systems, whether mechanical, social, literary or just plain transcendental.

Now none of this is to imply that Thurber is not a humorist at all. It is a dull mind that can see nothing funny in the antics of *My Life and Hard Times,* or the satire of *Let Your Mind Alone,* or the practical jokes of Thurber's mother and of Birdey Doggett, or the denouement of "The Catbird Seat." But it is to suggest that if anyone thinks *My Life and Hard Times* is most representative of Thurber's accomplishment, he has overlooked the more vital and rewarding Thurber, embodied, to be sure, with humor but often with grim urgency, in the work he has produced during the past nineteen years, ranging from "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" (1939) to his newest story, *The Wonderful O* (1957).

What needs most to be emphasized today to show how much Thurber deserves serious attention is that the central concern of Thurber's best stories—and these may be rooted in either his personal experience or his imagination—is nothing less than the predicament of the individual in our gadget-cluttered, career-woman-dominated, theory-

ROBERT H. ELIAS, associate professor of English and chairman of the American Studies program at Cornell University, has recently completed an edition of Theodore Dreiser's letters, to be published by the University of Pennsylvania Press. Mr. Elias is currently writing a group of interrelated essays on contemporary American writers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

burdened time. Thurber's protagonists, usually but not always men, may be perplexed by cars that will not start, driven to divorce by women who will not let them read their paper, or reduced to the data of equations by social and psychological engineers who explain away volition; but consistently they are engaged in self-preservation—struggling to keep inviolate the realms of chance, individuality, reflection and purpose, which give the will substance to work with and freedom occasion for exercise. The self, as Thurber shows, is in danger of extinction when persons are driven inward until society becomes impossible, or forced outward until there is no residue to socialize. The most interesting aspect of Thurber's artistic development is in terms of his search for a place where the individual can finally reside—or preside.

Since almost the beginning of his career as a story writer Thurber has insisted that the menace to the individual lurks in the world of man-made systems, whether mechanical or mental, and that the promise waits in the uncircumscribed realms of instinct and the imagination. In *Is Sex Necessary?*, written with E. B. White in 1929, Thurber engages in an amusing satire on the "deep and lugubrious books on sex and marriage" produced in the twenties, when "the human animal seemed [so] absorbed in self-analysis" that he transformed sex from physical expression into something mental. The notable first chapter, "The Nature of the American Male, a Study of Pedestalism," written by Thurber, caricatures the formula-ridden historians of society and sex and, basing its argument largely on the case of the frustrated real estate man, George Smith, exposes the pretentious futility of psychoanalysts. Smith, tortured for three years by the unresponsiveness of a maiden whose love he craves, in vain seeks fulfillment by trying to solve pigs-in-clover puzzles. His failure leads to a "Magnification of Object" that his doctor's "analytic reasoning" and prescription of "cold applications" cannot reduce. He readily rids himself of all his problems, however, when, his door closed to his doctor, he by sheer chance breaks the glass of one of the boxes and pushes the little balls into their corners with his finger. This may be ridicule, but it is at the same time not ridiculous criticism. Where, according to Thurber, the Chinese see love as biology and the French see it as biology with humor, Americans regard it as two-thirds psyche and, confusing the psychical with the physical, conclude by also confusing appetite with worship that is as bad for sex as it is for soul. Exegetes enter where men fear to tread, and analysis becomes action's only name.

The question posed in Thurber's stories, however, is usually less whether action is valid than what it is opposed to or by. In *Is Sex Necessary?* it is opposed to analysis by rigid rule and to a denial of natural inclinations. George Smith is a free man once he locks his analyst out and lets happen what will. In the stories that soon followed concerning Mr. and Mrs. Monroe (in *The Owl in the Attic*, 1931) action is identified with a mastery of the practical world, with a kind of conventional social adjustment, and is opposed to dreams, romance, the ideals of heroic fulfillment. Mr. Monroe is no more a hero to us than he is to his wife (or in reality to himself—"a tall thin man looks like an ass in socks and garters," he thinks, standing before his mirror); yet our sympathies are as much with him as they are with George Smith, for he is an individual who cannot conform, who resists the consuming effects of actuality. John Monroe "likes to brood and reflect and occasionally to catch glimpses of himself in store windows . . . brooding and reflecting." He can never take a shower successfully because "he always gets the water to running too cold or too hot." He cannot match his wife's poise in smuggling a dozen bottles of Benedictine through the customs. He cannot tell packers and movers which household objects go into storage and which to the country place. As Thurber informs us, in a rare comment:

> He had a certain charm, yes; but not character. He evaded difficult situations; he had no talent for firm resolution; he immolated badly; and he wasn't even very good at renunciation, except when he was tired or a little sick. Not, you

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will see, the man to move household goods into storage when his wife is away.

Indeed, he cannot kill a bat that is on the wing outside the bedroom, sleep in the house alone when escaped convicts are sure to be roaming the woods outside, or carry out an adulterous affair whose challenge plunges him simply into reveries, into a three-minute sleepy go at *The Golden Bowl* as preparation for a mature communion, and finally into pajamas and his own bed, where he can at least master sleep.

We sympathize, I think, because for all his ineffectualness he represents the alternative to cocksureness, to complacency or satisfaction with given formulations. If great deeds are to be done, they will not be done by customs officials or moving men. They may be done by wives, but not in the realm that the brooders and reflectors inhabit—the realm of artists and other dreamers. Mr. Monroe, to be sure, will produce no work of art, and Thurber's treatment of him is, as the fashionable word is, ambivalent. Nevertheless, Mr. Monroe is our man; he is, as it were, one of us.

What both Smith and Monroe have in common, then, is a kind of eccentricity—they are a little off social center; their conduct deviates from the norm, whether that norm be the one set by psychoanalysts for defining the abnormal or whether it be the one assumed by the packers who preserve the china in sawdust. And this deviation is good; it wins us. The parodies in *The Owl in the Attic* of the *New York Evening Post*'s Pet Department and of Fowler's *Dictionary of Modern English Usage* are but further confirmation of the satisfaction that comes in challenging formulas that pretentiously fail to account for human peculiarities.

If anyone doubts the character of Thurber's affirmation, *My Life and Hard Times* (1933) should dissipate the doubt at once. Although Thurber writes mainly about the decade preceding the First World War, one is scarcely aware that the past may have been sought by the writer as escape. The positive value of being at odds with the facts of a commonplace world is what dominates the book. In the role of a narrator who has reminded some readers of a comic Prufrock, Thurber relates that his cousin Briggs Beall believed he was likely to cease breathing when he was asleep, that Aunt Sarah Shoaf never went to bed without a fear that a burglar was going to break into the house and blow chloroform under her door through a tube, that his own brother sometimes sang "Marching Through Georgia" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers" in his sleep, and that his father had at least once gone to sleep in the attic in order to think (once, that is, when Grandfather, still fighting the Civil War, was on an expedition to check up on the Army of the Potomac). Thurber tells of numerous incidents in which there is a farcical non-meeting of minds. The family gets the notion that Father is being crushed in his attic bed, or that ghosts have broken in; thousands in Columbus during the 1913 floods mistakenly infer that the dam has given way and flee eastward. When people live in their special and peculiar spheres, uproarious misunderstandings compose the daily round; and we enjoy them, just as we enjoy the crotchets of Thurber's relatives. After all, to believe as did his grandmother that electricity was dripping invisibly all over the house, or as did his mother that it was dangerous to drive a car without gasoline because it fried the valves or something, is a sign of blameless, innocent faith —not in the world but at least in the accuracy of one's own unduplicated perceptions. To these persons it is the machines that make no good sense and that pose the needless dangers. In those days, to be alive must have been very heaven indeed.

But this celebration of the sources of hullabaloo is necessarily qualified as Thurber comes to confront the predicament of the ordinary man in his own time. "In the pathways between office and home and home and the houses of settled people," Thurber writes, "there are, always ready to snap at you, the little perils of routine living, but there is no escape in the unplanned tangent, the sudden turn." The case of George Smith serves better to refute someone else's generalization than to objectify an actual society, and an older generation's oddities, however delightful, cannot ade-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quately enable a responsible person to come to terms with himself in the present. In the appropriately titled *The Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze* (1935) and in *Let Your Mind Alone* (1937) there are still, one hastens to acknowledge, individuals who in various funny ways cannot be pigeonholed—individuals who manufacture their own facts to account for the world. Aunt Ida, who thinks the *Titanic*'s iceberg was a monstrous fiction to mask corporate corruption and expects a comet to do the world in any day; Jad Peters, who figures out lucky escapes he could have had from every disaster that has happened in Sugar Grove and comes to tell how he did have them; Thurber himself as distraught narrator, harassed by the hazards of wearing an overcoat that helpful doormen and bootblacks violently toss him in and out of—a coat with a ripped lining in which Thurber invariably tangles himself—these are fundamentally George Smith and Mr. Monroe all over again. And so are the case histories that Thurber invents to confound such experts in mental efficiency and human relations as David Seabury (*How to Worry Successfully*), Dr. Louis Bisch (*Be Glad You're Neurotic*) and Dorothea Brande (*Wake Up and Live!*). The fearsome theorists, users of jargon as foolish as that used by Marxist literary critics in the thirties, cannot explain the sequences of motive and act that Thurber devises to prove how the undisciplined mind is better adapted to a confused world than one as streamlined as a machine. Yet, other pieces (short stories, most often) in both these volumes are controlled by a tone that more than counterbalances the humor.

This tone is perhaps most appropriately to be called melancholy, closer to dejection than to wistfulness. One of its earliest expressions precedes even *Is Sex Necessary?* In "Menaces in May" (1928) a middle-aged man whose wife has been gone a long time is made nostalgic by an evening encounter with a grammar-school sweetheart and her saxaphone-loving husband. Wandering homeward through the gloom of New York City at three o'clock in the morning, he witnesses scenes of frustration, overhears ugly judgments, harsh threats, and the drunken mutterings of morose men thwarted in love and snoring in the subway. He goes to bed trying to think of his lovely Lydia amid echoes of vulgar realities. But in 1928 that story is something of an exception; in the late thirties its sense of defeat is a more frequent characteristic. In "Evening's at Seven" a middle-aged man's attempted affair is aborted by temperament and chance, and he goes home to his wife, with whom life is just habit. In "The Man on the Train" the narrator finds himself compellingly aware of and sympathetic with a fellow passenger who, the conductor later tells him, "just lost his little girl." In "One Is a Wanderer" another middle-aged man, whose only home is a hotel room next to that of another man like himself, remembers, analyzes, tries wearily to divert himself by staring at drugstore counters and visiting bars, and returns to his room to be ironically haunted by the words of "Bye, Bye, Blackbird": "Make my bed and light the light/For I'll be home late tonight. . . ." The concluding piece in *The Middle-Aged Man* describes the narrator's overpowering desire to hide in a box. *Let Your Mind Alone* is a title with an unmistakable note of urgency. And the phrase "the Hiding Generation" is more than a flippant answer to women who might ask Thurber at cocktail parties whether it is to the Lost Generation that he belongs.

Possibly the point about Thurber's attitude is conclusively made by noting how the somber tone operates when the story also has possibilities for humor. "The Private Life of Mr. Bidwell" and "The Breaking Up of the Winships" provide nice illustrations. Both begin with marital discussions that are essentially trivial and laughable, and conclude with marital dissolutions about which it is impossible even to smile. Mr. Bidwell irritates his wife by holding his breath and multiplying numbers in his head until "the curious bond that held . . . [the Bidwells] together snapped. . . . The thing was simply over."

George Bidwell lives alone now (his wife remarried). He never goes to parties anymore, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his old circle of friends rarely sees him. The last time that any of them did see him, he was walking along a country road with the uncertain gait of a blind man: he was trying to see how many steps he could take without opening his eyes.

The Winships fall apart over an argument about the relative merits of Greta Garbo and Donald Duck, and nothing anyone can do will bring husband and wife together again; each adamantly identifies his integrity with the position he has at first whimsically but ultimately fatally asserted.

The older generation had a vigorous humanity that encompassed their oddities, but the Bidwells and Winships, and others who might be listed, unhappily illustrate all that the phrase "the modern temper" has come to signify. Here is dehumanization in action. Persons have no resources beyond their rituals and their nerves, or their reflexes. Society becomes the graveyard of individuality, and it is the man with ordinary feeling and simple compassion who would appear eccentric in his ability to forsake detachment in the face of another's pain. The old centers do not hold. Men and women are being flung apart, atomized. The very thing that would hold them together—conformity—is the one thing that takes no account of them as persons. In short, what makes old-fashioned eccentricity alone no answer is that in Thurber's time its corollary may well be loneliness: it may be loneliness when society itself is a mere form rather than a place for persons to exhibit what distinguishes one from another. If in *My Life and Hard Times* misunderstandings are funny, in the later stories they border on the tragic. And the worst aspect of it is that men and women, scarcely unconventional, fail to examine their habits and complacently spin along the disturbed orbit to disaster. The automatic response has superseded the purposeful commitment. Abstraction takes the place of experience, and class names obliterate the self. Persons have become indistinguishable from the little quanta that spot film plates. Appropriately, Thurber declares their isolation a sad rather than glad plight. Indeed, even if they were reflective people they would be defeated, for they would retire from a tawdry world into a hotel room, or seek a box to hide in.

Thurber, though, is clearly no misanthrope. One always feels that something worth recovering has been defeated; hence that recovery of this something is still a good. Man is not necessarily *all* destruction, but he is so *unless*—. This *unless*— is what distinguishes Thurber's preoccupation from 1939 onward; and a wonderful little story, "The Wood Duck," in *Let Your Mind Alone*, provides an unmistakable indication of the realm in which hope is to lie. In its opposition of inescapably symbolic details —especially between the graceful fowl and the speeding car that hits him—it celebrates all that can be contrasted to a mechanized life. On the one hand, the farmer, the men in the truck, the narrator and his wife, all feel that the wild duck confers a distinction on the farm he has adopted; on the other, the driver is unaware of, or at least indifferent to, the unspoiled beauty the machine has violated. When the duck flutters into the woods, something precious is lost; when he returns, he brings value into the institutional world. In the words of the narrator's wife near the end there is evidence of human gratitude for experiencing something close to nature. "I am glad he is [back] . . . ," she says. "I hated to think of him all alone out there in the woods." Even more important than the gratitude, though, there is here an understated awareness of the needs of men.

These needs clearly require a sense of what Thoreau called "the infinite state of our relations." The human being is lost when he loses his sense of his limitation, his mortality; when he equates the private with the absolute. Emerson could preach self-reliance because he had the oversoul in the offing; but Thurber's society has ignored the relationship and thereby denied both the self and the context for its being. Our only morality is embodied in our clichés. Heed their purveyors and be saved. *The Last Flower, a Parable in Pictures* (1939) and *Fables for Our Time and Famous Poems Illustrated* (1940) remind us how suicidal unself-critical man can be. The acceptance of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

empty forms is not only frustrating; it is utterly catastrophic. *The Last Flower* exhibits the disastrous course of human habits, the way men and women forget that their source and inspiration lie in what we may term nature—and the way that this forgetting allows mankind to become pretentious, arrogant and, finally, fatally warlike. The last, the best, the only hope is of earth itself: it is lodged in the natural cycle, the regenerative power of nature whose lone flower will seek invincibly to bloom again. The *Fables* makes this point in another way. Thurber simply turns Aesop about to examine the empty forms of words, platitudes, in the light of the life they are meant to describe. The animal world and the human world are compared to reveal the superiority of the animal. "If you do as humans do, it will be the end of you." The hen that shouts "The heavens are falling down" is not so foolish as everyone laughingly thinks. The heavens *do* fall; everyone *is* killed. And the narrator is not a bit surprised. Even the devastatingly funny illustrations of such famous poems as "Excelsior," "Lochinvar," "Locksley Hall," and "Barbara Frietchie" are presented to pose the question of what the poets' words *really* mean; the drawings are literal and thereby assail complacent imprecision. They are instructions in needed perspective.

The sense of relation that humanity needs is, thus, a sense of a saving connection with a primary spirit, something elemental that civilization disclaims at its peril. To disclaim this something is ultimately to deny the whole self. It is nothing less than this truth that Thurber and Elliott Nugent show Professor Tommy Turner in *The Male Animal* (1940). Before Turner can overcome the threats to his academic freedom and his marriage, he has to learn that there is something effete about not living any longer "in the days of King Arthur, when you fought for your woman. Nowadays," he notes, "the man and his wife and the other man talk it over. Quietly and calmly. They all go out to dinner together." They are, in short, the creatures of Reason, but so sophisticated as to be drained of anything to be reasonable about. What human beings have forgotten is that "we are male animals, too"—like tigers, wolves, sea lions, land crabs and birds of paradise. But the lesson is not simply to affirm the nakedly primitive. (Compare William Inge's *Picnic* and some of Tennessee Williams' plays.) Turner is, after all, always the embodiment of thought and imagination, the man capable of asserting the freedom to think as one will; the memorable drinking scene even underscores this, for were he to come to his illumination in a moment of sober reflection the words of the lesson would be left with only their face value, but instead, the hilarity of the occasion is part of the argument: the very order of illustrations, from tiger to sea lion (who "roars with his antlers") and finally to crab and bird of paradise, is a qualification produced by wit testifying to the superiority of mind over mere impulse. It is analysis without feeling, without passionate commitment, that is condemned. "A woman likes a man who does something," Turner declares. "All male animals fight for the female. . . . They don't just sit and talk. They act." What the play finally argues, then, is that the good life lies in recovering a certain principle of action, in establishing a source for responses that can make those responses trustworthy. Overrefinement and intellectualism can reduce persons to a level on which their problems are capable of solution by tranquilizers. The fact is, Thurber states elsewhere, "that the bare foot of Man has been too long away from the living earth, that . . . [Man] has been too busy with the construction of engines, which are, of all the things on earth, the farthest removed from the shape and intention of nature."

Emphasis is given to Thurber's desire to re-establish a relation between man and "the shape and intention of nature" by his turning in the early forties to the writing of fairy tales. Momentarily freed of the data of a machine-scarred earth, especially at a time when dreadful war is an actuality, Thurber is able to make his point in an affirmative tone scarcely appropriate in a less fanciful form. It is an injustice to Thurber's art not to analyze in detail the rich texture of *Many Moons* (1943), *The Great*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quillow (1944) and *The White Deer* (1945); in the last especially, the playful language, the simultaneous use and parody of the fairy tale genre, the nice tension between humor and gravity deserve, for their own sake, full treatment to show how Thurber's form becomes itself a statement. But it will have to be sufficient for present purposes to mention that the conflicts and contrasts in these tales are familiar ones: materialism opposed to art; exaggerated gravity, to laughter; worldliness, to provincial innocence; practicality, to dreaminess. By subtly and wittily introducing a modern point of view, Thurber makes clear that the fairy tale is itself something of an act of faith in the innocence and purity that fairy tales usually celebrate. At the same time, the fact of that intrusion also declares that it is a large awareness rather than an immature belief that is at work. Little princesses, toy makers, musicians and poets are closer to sensing the shape and intention of nature—closer to exhibiting its virtues, for that matter—than are the royal mathematicians, village councilmen, mighty hunters and other materialists who pride themselves on their mastery of the physical world. But it is, after all, awareness of that fact that is the final value, and that awareness is the property of a mature and humble mind that encompasses the ability to believe quite as much as it does the ability to act.

This special perspective leaves many questions to be answered. Some of them appear in variously shaded guises in the other writing that Thurber has done since the year of *The Last Flower*, 1939, when "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" may be said to usher in the major period. As ever, Thurber is trying to find a realm where the individual can maintain his self; and as ever, too, there seems to be no answer without qualifications—an appropriate enough way of assaulting rigid forms. Yet there is ultimately what has already been suggested, a humanistic affirmation. Of course, at no time does Thurber forsake one kind of writing and immerse himself exclusively in another. Although there may be no *My Life and Hard Times*, there are still instances of great humor, more fairy tales and fables. But most of them are marked by the increasing complexity and depth that are best embodied in such important and challenging masterpieces as "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" (1939), "The Whip-Poor-Will" (1941), "The Catbird Seat" (1942), "The Cane in the Corridor" (1943), "A Friend of the Earth" (1949), "Teacher's Pet" (1949) and *The Thirteen Clocks* (1950).

Among the most successful protagonists in these stories are Walter Mitty and Erwin Martin (of "The Catbird Seat"), both of whom win not too dissimilar victories over the commonplace, the dead level of practicality, the enemies of the imagination. A definition of the character of these victories suggests their meaning. When Mitty faces the firing squad, "erect and motionless, proud and disdainful, Walter Mitty the Undefeated, inscrutable to the last," the victory has its limits. It is not only private—one that cannot give him a place in society; it is ridden by the clichés of pulp romances and Grade C movies. Nonetheless, it is a victory, even if qualified, that contributes to self-preservation. Mr. Martin, whose stature is greater insofar as he does bear real arms against his sea of troubles, likewise wins substantially and privately. By perceiving the thin line between humor and pathos, absurdity and terror, that is reflected in the details, point of view and very tone of the story, he is able to make his usual ineffectualness unusually effectual; Ulgine Barrows, the threat to his sensibilities and his status, is ironically defeated. But even as he, by actual act, gives genuine dignity to those sensibilities and that status, it is clear that both the cause and the reward of his success must be isolation. His employer does not truly understand either Mrs. Barrows or Mr. Martin, and Mr. Martin can never enjoy his accomplishment except in private. Although he can never be again what he once was, he has to appear to others unchanged. Irony and cross-purposes must be the order of the day. This, though, is in part Mr. Martin's insight. He exploits the relationships of strangers and, like Walter Mitty, saves something worth saving: he saves, indeed, the inner life itself, the life that is not to be harnassed like the atom,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

streamlined like a spaceship, manipulated, calculated, fed to Univac; he saves the very seat of the self that is the universe—the realm that makes it possible to say, as was said some centuries ago, that the unexamined life is not worth living.

Mitty and Martin, and especially Martin, who after all *does* more than Mitty, are then an impressive distance from the eccentrics of *My Life and Hard Times* and the lonely wanderers and frustrates of *The Middle-Aged Man* and *Let Your Mind Alone.* They bear, generally speaking, the marks of solider affirmations.

The others of these stories dramatize complementary statements. In probing into recesses of the inner life, "The Whip-Poor-Will" and "The Cane in the Corridor" show how inadequate is the understanding of standardized minds; "The Whip-Poor-Will" especially, the more compelling of the two, demonstrates in the state trooper's dull comment ("Take more'n a whip-poor-will to cause a mess like that") that there is a whole life that minds enslaved by formulas do not, cannot, know. In commemorating the independence and victory of "a lazy rustic philosopher" in a test of repartee with a representative of the sophisticated world of urban wit and timetables, "A Friend of the Earth" both elevates the more natural man and, by making him superior in the realm of mind, elaborates upon some of the implications of *The Male Animal*; linking mind, nature and individuality, it receives confirmation of its emphasis from the gallery of portraits begun at the same time, *The Thurber Album* (1952), which recalls the solidity of pioneers who act rather than talk, who make their own world by relying on their strong inner resources, and who, guilty of no pretenses and conceiving of no age of suspicion like Thurber's, live in a period when the individual has not yet "taken on the gray color of the mass" but "each [possesses] . . . his own bright and separate values." Finally, in celebrating not only fantasy but laughter, Thurber's fourth fairy tale, *The Thirteen Clocks,* affirms the perspective that makes confidence in separate values possible without breeding smugness. For laughter, humanity's best means of exhibiting a sense of proportion, is the Duke's undoing and is the sound that echoes through the castle at the last.

A respect for nature, for action, for the inner life, for mind—it is a single complex, inseparable from what we mean by the sense of proportion that is to help the individual know his predicament. "Teacher's Pet," one of Thurber's most intense stories, provides, perhaps, a succinct concluding insight into the individual's essential situation. When the reflective, brooding Kelby, in a fury of self-accusation, hits the little boy who, bullied and afraid, reminds him of his own boyhood predicament and cowardice, he is ironically taken for a bully by the boy's father. And when the father tells a mutual friend, "I've seen some bullies in my time, but I never saw anything to match that," the friend puffs thoughtfully on a cigarette and says: "You never know about a man, Reynolds. You just never know."

This is the nub of it. And because it is, there are a variety of social implications. Not the least is the necessity for a structure in which the human mystery is secure, in which action can be more than bare reaction, in which individuals are respected as ends and not exploited as means, whether by political dictators or social relations experts. Or slogan writers. For the very use of language is related to the argument in behalf of individuality and the sense of relation. Insofar as perceptions are verbalized, words must be precise, sharp, telling. Whether employing an arresting metaphor or playfully juxtaposing the trite and the fresh, or simply inveighing against jargon, "polysyllabic monstrosititis," Thurber is warring for meaning—and for the only mind for whom that objective can make sense. It is fitting that his latest tale, *The Wonderful O,* should argue the value not only of love and hope and valor, but also of freedom; and it is equally fitting that he identifies the threat to freedom with an assault on language, on communication.

The Wonderful O is a singular mélange, to be sure. It is part somber romance, part parody of adventure stories, part prose, part rime, part allegory, part ridicule of the experts, part dream. The mingling of genres

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and inevitable complexity of tone make it impossible to accept the lesson smugly. If cocksureness were a danger, however, Thurber's recent collection of *Further Fables for Our Time* (1956) would chasten. The concluding fable tells of a scholarly lemming who refuses to join his fellow lemmings in their excited exodus to the sea. Although some imagine that the world is coming to an end and others believe it is a treasure hunt, and some expect salvation and others fear damnation, the scholar knows better; his studies long ago have told him that there is no devil in the forest or gems in the sea. He simply shakes his head sorrowfully, tears up all he has written about the species, and starts his studies all over again. "All men," the moral reads, "should strive to learn before they die what they are running from, and to, and why."

To attribute to man the ability both so to learn and then to act in consequence is almost to pay him the tribute that painters represent with the halo—almost but not quite—and yet better—because ordinary men are more complex than the saints.

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR *announces a series of articles, beginning with the Autumn number, on various aspects of the alleged invasion of privacy in our country and our time. Among those who have already agreed to contribute essays on one or another aspect of this general question are Richard Rovere, August Heckscher and Granville Hicks.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If You Don't Mind My Saying So . . . . . .

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Decline of the West?

The theoretical possibility is widely acknowledged, but I don't suppose very many people really believe it—and the common man least of all. Wealth, technology and "the control of nature" are still on a steeply ascending curve. Space travel begins tomorrow; intercontinental missiles are already here. And it is by wealth and power that the common man judges success.

Only the more philosophical are likely to ask whether these represent an important new stage in man's conquest of nature or the beginning of the catastrophe with which the decline ends. But though the common man has hardly faced the question in such inclusive terms, even he is beginning to be aware that progress is strangely mixed up with threats, and the release of atomic energy seems to be, among many other "firsts," the first technological triumph widely regarded as, all things considered, a misfortune.

Of course, old fogies have always viewed with alarm. They shook their heads over the airplane; they thought twenty-five miles per hour in an automobile too fast; and, I suppose, some conservative among the cave men was sure no good was going to come of the wheel. But doubts about the atom are not confined to old fogies. They are shared by some of those who tinkered with it so successfully, and the suspicion that man may at last have become too smart for his own good is nervously entertained in some very respectable quarters. Observing a nova in the night sky, a famous American astronomer is said to have remarked with resignation, "Well, there goes another place where they learned how to do it."

As nearly as I can figure out, the most prevalent opinion among the instructed is something like this: Tomorrow is going to be wonderful—unless, indeed, there just isn't any. *If* we are wise enough and lucky enough to escape various catastrophes ranging from disastrous overpopulation on one hand to extinction on the other, there is no limit to the power and glory ahead and no limit to the comfort and convenience either. But the nagging "if" remains. Have we caught a Tartar or has the Tartar caught us? As Confucius (or some other wise Chinese) said: "He who rides a tiger does not dare dismount."

A recent public relations advertisement by North American Aviation has this to say: "Supersonic supremacy is the absolute condition of America's future security. It is a day to day thing. It must grow with major advances." I do not see how anyone can question that statement unless he is saint enough (as I certainly am not) to reply that this sort of security isn't worth bothering about. But what we are being told is that we must run as fast as we possibly can if we are to stay where we are, and that the reward of heroic effort will be not some boon we never enjoyed before, but just the possibility of staying alive. At best that seems a rather insecure sort of security.

There have been ages of hope and ages of despair before. The historians of ideas tell us that for a thousand years nobody believed in progress, and that shortly before the year one thousand the general opinion was that the world was about to end. Five hundred years later it had changed to the conviction that limitless possibilities were just opening. But were the two opinions ever before held simultaneously and progress itself regarded as the possible cause of impending catastrophe?

Reading the other day in Marcus Aurelius, I was struck by the fact that his fundamental assumption seems to be that though nothing can be done about the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ugliness of a wicked world, any individual man can do something about himself if he wants to. Then I realized that the prevalent and growing opinion of the last hundred years has been the exact opposite: no individual man can do anything for or about himself because he is what heredity, experience and the social environment have made him, and because, that being true, all progress is social progress and must consist not in what you can do to yourself, but in what you can persuade or force people in general to do. Man, we have been believing, can change the world, but only in that indirect way can he change himself. Ultimately I found myself wondering if Marcus may not have been nearer right after all, and if, perhaps, progress is ending in the threat of universal destruction because we have been so much more interested in controlling nature than in improving ourselves. Maybe man is the only thing worth trying to change or improve. I have to admit that Marcus didn't succeed in doing much about anything *except* himself. But at least that was better than nothing. His world was ending, but there was still one just man in it.

If we turn to those of our contemporaries who are professionally concerned with the human condition rather than with the atom, there is no escaping the fact that man as he appears in the most esteemed current literature is an unattractive creature and his life a distressing thing. He, at least, doesn't seem to be getting much out of the world in which (according to a section of the non-literary set) "nobody ever had it so good." Of course, our novelists and poets may be wrong. I myself think that they exaggerate somewhat and that at the moment neither man nor human existance is quite as unrelievedly dismal as they portray it. But at least that is how the most eloquent and respected among them do show it.

True, the literary man as spokesman and prophet doesn't stand very high today. Any contemporary writing on "Heroes and Hero Worship" would have to put the man of letters pretty far down on the list and the scientist as hero at the top. But suppose we do continue seeking comfort from them. Here is J. Robert Oppenheimer as the *New Leader* quotes him from the Parisian *Réalités:*

> Nuclear weapons and all the machinery of war surrounding us now haunt our imaginations with an apocalyptic vision that could well become a terrible reality: the disappearance of man as a species from the surface of the earth. It is quite possible. But what is more probable, more immediate and in my opinion equally terrifying is the prospect that man will survive while losing his precious heritage, his civilization and his very humanity.

Something of this sort I myself have tried to say more than once, but I never succeeded half as well. Probably the physicists do have the best brains extant in the world today, and it is cheering to find one using such a brain on men as well as on things.

Mr. Oppenheimer has reason in experience to know that doing so has its dangers and that is perhaps the reason why some of his fellows prefer to confine themselves to the discussion of the future of gadgets rather than the future of man. And if you think this is an unfair charge, just compare two versions of the future as described first by an advertising copy writer, and second in the course of a TV symposium arranged to celebrate the centenary of Seagram's whisky, in which eight leading scientists, including two Nobel Prizemen, participated.

Exhibit one is the advertisement of a coming article in one of the "home magazines": "Is automaton going to fill *your* home with pleasant surprises? Will magic eyes light each room? Will you own a portable piano, cordless electric clocks—and a telephone you can answer without lifting the receiver? Discover how this exciting new development can make your home life *happier.*" (These last italics mine.)

You might expect a constellation of the best brains as gathered for the symposium to be aware both of the great "if" which ought to precede any prophecy concerning the glorious days to come and also of the question of whether cordless electric clocks and a telephone which can be answered without lifting the receiver really are the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sort of thing we most need to make life better and happier. In actual fact the scientists' vision was a good deal more grandiose, but (if I may trust the printed report which I read) not essentially different. Apparently they confined themselves largely to predicting such things as delicious vegetable steaks, mail delivered by earth satellites, recreational resorts on space platforms, and machines which abolish all physical labor.

Last quarter I permitted myself a mild dig at the *Nation* for its impatience with those who do not spend absolutely all their time worrying about the state of the world. By way of amends I acknowledge that I got my report of the Seagram-inspired symposium from its pages and that I applaud its comment: "The future of the human race resides in its humanity, not in its ability to construct honeymoon motels on Venus."

What is this "humanity" which the *Nation* is interested in and Mr. Oppenheimer fears we may lose? It is that part of man's nature and consciousness which is neither satisfied by nor exclusively interested in animal survival on the one hand, or wealth and power and speed on the other. It is also that part of him which is least machinelike and, therefore, least satisfied by machines. It is the part which values knowledge for its own sake and cherishes values with which nothing in the inanimate world seems to correspond—and which the nonhuman but living world seems only dubiously (though nonetheless comfortingly) to encourage.

Perhaps we are a bit provincial in calling it "humanness." Man existed for millenia without, so we guess, having much of it. Perhaps Mr. Oppenheimer is right in suspecting that he might endure indefinitely after he had lost it. Many contemporary men, and especially many contemporary youths to whom only automobiles, airplanes and television sets seem interesting, have already lost a considerable part of it. Perhaps it is primarily a phenomenon of recent man. Perhaps what we have been calling "human" did not exist in the Western world before about 475 B.C. Perhaps it began to disappear fifty or seventy-five years ago. But though the world may soon belong exclusively to creatures of another sort, there are some of us who cannot say merely "cultures come and go" without some regret for the passing of what seems to our possibly prejudiced minds the most admirable thing which has ever existed.

I do not believe, as some do, that the decision whether or not humanness in this perhaps limited sense will survive is wholly outside our power to influence. But I do believe that the weight, the pressure and the demands made upon us by the machine we have created does make the task of preserving "human" life as opposed to the life of the animal called man more difficult. If, for example, a minority feels that more of our time, attention and brain power should be spent in cultivating the humanities in the broad sense that our definition of humanness implies, we face the fact so insistently urged that "we need more scientists for survival" or, in other words, that more rather than less of the available time and brain power will have to be devoted to the machine and its management. Our only security is of the kind North American Aviation is talking about; and the very fact that atom bombs and guided missiles have been called into existence makes it necessary for us to have them and to improve them too. I hope it will not seem merely frivolous to say that the chief reason why we "need more scientists" is simply that we need them to protect us against their fellows in other lands. We can't solve the problem by disregarding the need, but it would never have existed if nobody had ever had so many or such able scientists!

Thus leisure, like security, eludes us. The monster we have called into existence must be looked after, and he is more demanding of time and attention than is any other product of civilization. Even (as does not seem likely at the moment) should we become bored with him, even should we, as a race, find ourselves again convinced that art, philosophy and that wisdom we cannot define but have so persistently longed for are more interesting than the fastest mov-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing and most deadly gadgets, we still would not know how to spare much time for them. We are mounted on a tiger, and it is hard to see how we could get off.

I believe also that overpopulation is a threat to humane living, second only to the dominance of the machine. To me, the technician's assurance that the desalting of sea water and the growing of algae in sewage pools are already feasible, and that by relying upon them we could feed a population many, many times the present is not a promise but a threat. We need better men rather than more men, and there seems no immediate likelihood that we will get them.

Could we risk a stationary population even if we knew how to get it and were convinced that, from the human standpoint, it was desirable? Population pressures in other lands would make it probable that their rulers would use for aggression the long-range weapons man's ingenuity has supplied them with. And it may very well be that any nation not as numerous as it can possibly make itself is doomed to conquest by another already bursting at the seams. A brutal German once talked of raising cannon fodder. We will only call it something like "providing for the optimum population from the standpoint of national security."

Meanwhile, we are promised cordless electric lamps by those who have things to sell and honeymoon motels on Venus by some of our greatest minds.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

· · · Recommended Summer Reading · · ·

Members of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR Editorial Board

Life being very short, and the quiet hours of it few,
we ought to waste none of them in reading valueless books.
JOHN RUSKIN

The amount of disinterested reading that a teacher and writer who lives in New York and is involved in administrative work can do is measured by the strength of his rebellious impulses and antisocial tendencies. I wish I could claim a higher rating on both counts than the facts allow. Still, when I am not reading or writing nonsense for immediate purposes, I manage to be self-indulgent and to qualify as a passable imitation of the creature memorialized on the cover of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, "the independent thinker"—independent, that is, of routine absorption and regurgitation.

In that guise, lately, I have read or reread a number of works for my pleasure and instruction. Two stand out in my mind as notable acquirements I should be sorry to have missed: first, *The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined* by William and Elizebeth Friedman: it is not what you think—read it and tell your friends; next, the new edition by Paul Angle of the Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858, entitled for today *Created Equal?* They too are not what you think or were told. The volume sent me back to Lincoln's writings at large, which I never tire of dipping into: he is probably the greatest stylist America has yet produced, and I read his slightest note with awe and despair, for each is a gloss upon the Necessary Word, besides being a peephole into one of the strangest and finest minds of the nineteenth century.

Speaking of minds and of that century, I have also read Enid Starkie's new *Baudelaire* with renewed gratitude to the scholar and attachment to the subject. I cannot say quite the same about Geddes MacGregor's *The Tichborne Impostor,* for here gratitude goes without attachment.

Looking over this short list I am, in conclusion, surprised into something like complacent self-approval. I hope I may be forgiven by all who are in the same predicament.

JACQUES BARZUN

* * *

Professors nowadays are reputed to have neither money to purchase books nor the time to read them. By assiduously glancing over other people's shoulders on snow-stalled commuter trains (this should make pleasant reading in the Summer issue of the SCHOLAR) and by the deliberate evasion of certain academic tasks in the interest of my own soul, I have, however, managed to come up with a few books which are about the oddest assortment of summer reading ever commended to an innocent vacationer. I think my list has one merit: no list like it has ever been seen before.

One book volume is solid enough to be used as boat ballast or to pound tent stakes, yet at the same time is genuine food for the mind when one gets among rocks and mud puppies. I am referring to J. K. Charlesworth's *The Quaternary Era* in two volumes. I placed it just now on my bathroom scales, and with this rather crude device I came to the conclusion that it weighs precisely eight pounds and could be thrown with devastating effect at a grizzly bear. This unliterary approach may seem cruel,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Princeton UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Kingdom of Jordan

By Raphael Patai

Small, poor in resources and torn by political strife, Jordan is nonetheless a strategically important pro-Western outpost in the troubled Middle East. Yet up to now, very little information has been available about this nation and her people. *The Kingdom of Jordan* is the first book in English to give a full description of all aspects of Jordan's life: the land, the people, their history, politics, economy, society and culture. It contains a detailed account of recent political developments, including last year's crucial events, and gives the reader a clear picture of the role Jordan is playing in the present power struggle between the Soviets and the West in the Middle East. *326 pages. Illustrated. $5*

This Glorious Cause

The Adventures of Two Company Officers in Washington's Army

By Herbert T. Wade and Robert A. Lively

They came from Ipswich—the shoemaker Joseph Hodgkins and the carpenter Nathaniel Wade—to answer the call to arms at Lexington. They went on, from Bunker Hill to Saratoga, experiencing all the fears and hopes, small troubles and personal triumphs of the American Revolution's ordinary soldiers. Their story, which is retold now in a stirring narrative based on their diaries and letters, illuminates our knowledge of why thousands of unknown patriots fought, how they fought, and what it meant to fight during the American Revolution.

272 pages. Maps. $5

The Japanese Tradition in British and American Literature

By Earl Miner

Since Marco Polo wrote that the Japanese tile their roofs with gold, imaginations in the West have been kindled by Japan as a subject and inspiration in literature. This unique book traces this important and surprisingly pervading theme, showing how our culture has responded to Japan from the earliest contacts to the present. The first four chapters cover the period to World War I. Then there are separate chapters on Ezra Pound, W. B. Yeats, the other modern poets, the theater and films, and a final essay on the overall significance of the Japanese tradition.

344 pages. $3.75

Order from your bookstore, or

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS, Princeton, New Jersey

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but I am only trying to sketch the book's practical virtues first. Not only are the two volumes a monument to human industry—they are just the thing for summer browsing.

The chapters run from snow in all its forms to icebergs, continental glaciations, pluvial periods, the causes of ice ages, the giant animal forms of the Pleistocene, and the story of man as he is pushed back and forth by the swing of the glacial clock. The volumes are a massive compilation of all we know of the great snowy season out of which the human forebears emerged. Anything about this age is potential poetry. Mr. Charlesworth is a serious scholar, but no man with imagination need be intimidated by his book. There are chunks of pure crystal within it, deep buried as old glacial ice beneath the mud of later summers.

Another work, of lighter proportions, is *The Dawn of Life* by J. H. Rush. Dr. Rush has compiled with care and fidelity and yet with great clarity, the latest information bearing upon the origins of life on our own and other planets. He does not pretend to have all the answers to the mysterious questions he treats, but he sets forth the known with imaginative respect for the unknown as well—and that is a trait too often missing in modern science.

Turning to other aspects of life one may mention *The Territory Ahead* by Wright Morris. Mr. Morris, well known as a novelist, here ventures into the world of nonfiction in a work of critical analysis which ranges from Thoreau to Hemingway and Faulkner. As a literary testament it is extremely revelatory of Mr. Morris' own views of his craft and the whole domain of American letters. He has something vital to say, and he says it with great power and distinction of style.

And there are two other books that should be kept in mind: *The Poverty of Historicism* by Karl Popper and *Men and Marshes* by Paul Errington. They will repay examination whether or not your home base for the summer is a marsh.

LOREN EISELEY

My recent reading has been of the kind to recommend as midwinter brand rather than light summer.

Therefore, I will reach back a few years in memory and tell anyone who has not read Jacques Barzun's *God's Country and Mine* that it will give them profit and pleasure and respite from some of the anxieties that oppress them.

GUY STANTON FORD

* * *

In the last six months I have read nothing truly elevating, but still have not wholly wasted my eyesight. I submit herewith a highly selective report, leaving open the question whether any item is suitable summer reading for Mr. A or Mrs. B or Miss C.

I highly commend Edwin S. Gaustad's *The Great Awakening in New England* as a most thorough and graphic account of that eighteenth-century fever of evangelism. His portraits of the itinerant preachers and the account of the adverse reaction of conservative churchmen are presented in a style far above that of the run-of-the-mill doctor's thesis. Another dissertation which is lifted by good writing to real criticism is Gordon Milne's *George William Curtis and the Genteel Tradition*. The career of Curtis—from his golden youth, through his capture of popular taste with travel books, sketches and fiction, to his later esteem and influence as orator, essayist and editor, eulogist of Wendell Phillips, and fighter for Civil Service Reform—is too little remembered. The only fault I find with the book is the title, the latter half of which, "the Genteel Tradition," led the reviewer for the *Saturday Review* into a tailspin entitled "Nothing to Say"—fitting well enough the review but not Curtis. I found F. H. Heinemann's *Existentialism and the Modern Predicament* an admirably clear and dispassionate account of the origins, claims and shortcomings of the movement—if it can be called that. I enjoyed, a little late, Perceval Reniers' evocation of a once colorful society in *The Springs of Virginia*. The Gauss Award winner, Walter E. Houghton's *The Vic-*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

Sources of the Japanese Tradition

RYUSAKU TSUNODA, WM. THEODORE de BARY, and DONALD KEENE. To provide an understanding of the background of contemporary Japanese civilization, the authors present material that illustrates Japanese thought since earliest times. The volume consists of translations from the Japanese, made especially for this work or from other published sources, and extensive introductory and background materials. *$7.50*

Ssu-ma Ch'ien

GRAND HISTORIAN OF CHINA

BURTON WATSON. Introducing to the Western reader China's first major historian, this volume explains the nature and importance of his life work, the *Shih chi* or *Records of the Historian,* written about 100 B.C. Dr. Watson reviews early Chinese concepts of history and historical writing and evaluates the thought, style, and literary techniques of Ssu-ma Ch'ien. *$5.00*

The Royal General Farms in Eighteenth Century France

GEORGE T. MATTHEWS. This study of an old-regime tax-collecting agency, the General Farms, and of that agency's leaders, the Company of General Farmers, is an examination of fiscal administration that throws new light on the financial history of France in the period before the French Revolution. *$5.50*

The Background of Napoleonic Warfare

ROBERT S. QUIMBY. The development of military theory in France during the eighteenth century, and the resulting transformation of the French army, provided the foundation of Napoleonic warfare. Dr. Quimby reviews the development of military tactics in France during that century. Guibert, a key figure in military development, emerges as one of the greatest military theorists of all time. *$6.75*

A Serbian Village

JOEL MARTIN HALPERN, a social anthropologist, spent a year in the Serbian village of Orašac to observe the process of social and cultural change in a community that has historically felt the influences of foreign cultures. He examines how strongly native cultural patterns have endured under pressures to conform to the communistic political and social system of today. *$6.00*

People of Coal Town

HERMAN R. LANTZ studies the effects of growing up in a community dominated by one industry and marked by population change. His subject is Coal Town, a representative of America's changing frontier. The discovery of coal in the area transformed it into a boom town, and when the mineral deposit was exhausted the town settled back to an agricultural life. *$5.75*

Columbia University Press · 2960 Broadway · New York 27, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

torian Frame of Mind, well justified its choice, though I admit that the fullness of the documentation overwhelmed me—perhaps confused me—a bit, so that I could understand the reservations in the typical *TLS* review.

Marquand's Mr. Moto pleased me less as a revenant than in his former incarnation; but the fault may be mine, not Moto's. Cozzens had been a hobby of mine ever since years ago I read *The Last Adam* and *Men and Brethren.* His sympathetic but unequivocal portrayals of human frailty striving to maintain integrity, his perceptive generosity of spirit, had always given me a lift. So I found *By Love Possessed* an engaging study of the same problem, focused upon a single testing ground. And the difference between his explicitness and the dull adolescent boldness-without-meaning of *Peyton Place* was most striking.

For an evening snack I sigh for another helping of Elizabeth Bowen or Margery Sharp or Elizabeth Taylor or E. H. Young. Why does not America give us books by so slyly observant and amusingly tolerant ladies as these Englishwomen? In default of such, a few pages of Colette will serve.

WILLIAM T. HASTINGS

* * *

Everyone hears an opera, looks at a picture, over and over and over; it is as natural to read books many times. Most of my list are books I've read again during the last year, but some are new: Sybille Bedford's *A Legacy,* a social masterpiece; Philip Larkin's *The Less Deceived,* some marvelously truthful poetry; Peter Taylor's *Tennessee Day in St. Louis,* one of the best American plays; Vladimir Nabokov's *Pnin*; Ernest van den Haag's profound and terrible chapters on popular culture in *The Fabric of Society*; *The Penguin Book of German Verse*; Robert Musil's *The Man Without Qualities.*

I've recently read again and would like to recommend: Saint-Simon's *Memoirs*; the first half of D. H. Lawrence's *Complete Short Stories*—some are as good as any short stories in English; Erich Auerbach's *Mimesis,* one of the best and most endearing of books of criticism; Rainer Maria Rilke's *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge,* a wonderful prose book by the greatest of modern poets; Verga's stories and his *House by the Medlar Tree*; Leskov's "The Lady Macbeth of the Mzinsk District" and "The Amazon"; Elizabeth Bishop's *Poems;* Sir Kenneth Clark's books on landscape, the nude, and Piero della Francesca; Gottfried Keller's "The Three Righteous Combmakers"; Giraudoux's *Electra,* which is even better than Hofmannsthal's—let me recommend that, and also Hofmannsthal's *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Andreas*; Isak Dinesen's *Out of Africa*; the notebooks in Kafka's *Dearest Father*; Turgenev's "A Lear of the Steppes"; David Magarshack's biographies of Chekhov, Gogol and Turgenev; Herbert Giles's beautiful translation entitled *Chuang Tzŭ, Mystic, Moralist, and Social Reformer*; Christina Stead's entirely neglected masterpiece, *The Man Who Loved Children*; that enchanting writer Georg Groddeck's *The World of Man* and *Exploring the Unconscious*; Dr. Phyllis Greenacre's book on Swift and Carroll; any of Dr. Edward Glover's books on psychoanalysis.

There is nothing in the world like reading all of Freud several times. I continually reread Chekhov and *Remembrance of Things Past*—and anyone who loves Proust will certainly love *Jean Santeuil,* the letters, and *Contre Sainte-Beuve.*

RANDALL JARRELL

* * *

The two books which occur to me immediately don't seem to have anything in common, but perhaps they do have this: both are the product of open minds and both imply a recognition of intangibles.

The first is a novel (I read few) by Rose Macaulay, *The Towers of Trebizond,* which is quite *sui generis*—fanciful, fantastic and very funny, but with an undertone of seriousness. Miss Macaulay is a skeptic with a certain nostalgia for traditional religion.

Julian Huxley, the author of *New Bottles for New Wine,* is a skeptic too, and he certainly has no hankering after any lost faith. But his tough-minded rejection of everything merely nostalgic makes all the more interesting his plea for a monistic philos-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Homer and the Heroic Tradition

By CEDRIC H. WHITMAN. In the light of recent archaeological, linguistic, anthropological and poetic studies, Mr. Whitman offers a brilliant, comprehensive study of Homer and his works. Both historical and literary in scope, his book establishes Homer's cultural milieu, outlines a theory of the nature of the heroic tradition, and discusses the part played by formula in the art of the oral poet. The author's detailed analyses of both the character of Achilles and the geometric construction of the Iliad establish beyond question that the poem is truly a unity, and not a pastiche. Illustrated. $7.50

The Answer

By JOHN NORTON. Translated and edited by Douglas Horton. John Norton's "Responsio" (1648) virtually unknown, yet still vitally important today, was the first book written in Latin in New England and the first clear statement of the ecclesiology of the New England churches. Written to answer a set of questions put to the Puritan dissenters by William Apollonius, pastor-theologian of the church of Middleburg, *The Answer* provides historians of Puritanism and 17th century America with some valuable information and offers all members of Calvinist inspired religions a fuller understanding of their heritage. A Belknap Press Book. $4.75

The French Book Trade in the Ancien Regime, 1500-1791

By DAVID POTTINGER. The first comprehensive survey of the French book trade before the Revolution and of the people who made it what it was—from the writer (his position in society, his relation to his public, his publishers, and the government) through the printers and dealers, journeymen and apprentices, papermakers, illustrators, and binders. An unusually fresh and revealing approach to French civilization as a whole during these years. $7.50

Through your bookseller, or from

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
79 Garden Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ophy that will acknowledge the reality of all the phenomena associated with consciousness and value judgments which the old-fashioned scientist used to dismiss as "unreal."

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

* * *

I would recommend the following books for reading in any season.

Poets in a Landscape by Gilbert Highet. The poets in the landscape are Catullus, Vergil, Propertius, Horace, Tibullus, Ovid and Juvenal, and their lives and works are given fresh meaning by Mr. Highet's recreation of the scenes that filled their eyes. One of the major delights of this altogether delightful book derives from the new translations, especially of Horace and Catullus.

My Lord, What a Morning by Marian Anderson. In a manner as warm, rich and unaffected as her singing of Negro spirituals, Miss Anderson has told the remarkable story of her life, and, in sum, compassed a way of life known to too few.

Great Expectations by Charles Dickens. Reading this again after many years, one gets around to thinking that this novel retains most of the excellencies and avoids most of the faults of Dickens' other novels.

Life Plus 99 Years by Nathan F. Leopold. Leopold's autobiography, completely devoid of the sensationalism associated with the "thrill murder" of Bobby Franks, traces the most fascinating of all phenomena—the evolution of a human being, and the drama of that unfolding runs through every page. It is a quiet drama, but very moving.

English Prose Style by Herbert Read. This book was first published in 1928, but I came across it (in paperback) for the first time just three months ago. Its title is deceptive. Its object is less to teach than to elucidate what has been taught. I came to it late and hope others will come to it early enough to do them the good it very likely cannot now do me.

SAUNDERS REDDING

* * *

I am usually slow in getting around to books recently published; to suit different moods and preoccupations I am reading too many at once and feel bound by what is left of a Puritan conscience (though I read very slowly) to clean my plate.

After enjoying Joyce Cary's *The Horse's Mouth*, I went to his African novels and have read *Mr. Johnson* and *Aissa Saved* with great excitement. It is extraordinary that a British Consular official in the period around the First World War could gain such understanding of the native cultures from which his color, his culture, his uniform and his role would usually bar him. As in his novels laid in England, he has the power to evoke sympathy for all his characters—even for the meddling missionaries in *Aissa Saved*. And I have also enjoyed the fictionalized account of an anthropologist's experience of cross-cultural shock in Africa by Elenore Smith Bowen in *Return to Laughter*—published under a pseudonym perhaps to protect the tribe, and perhaps also, although needlessly, to protect the professional reputation of the field worker.

My wife and I have been reading and rereading everything Glenway Wescott has written with mounting enthusiasm and puzzlement as to why his reputation is not even greater than it is. *The Grandmothers* and *Apartment in Athens* are both overwhelming. Both deal with situations of stress: the psychic as well as the physical hardships of the frontier in the one case, and of the German occupation in the other. *The Pilgrim Hawk* is justly famous and wondrous, but the early Wisconsin writings, although less polished and far less dense with meaning, seem unduly neglected: I think of *The Apple of the Eye* and many pieces in *Goodbye Wisconsin*.

Rural hardship appears again as the background for a remarkable autobiography, *Run Sammy Run: Sixty-five Years a Preacher Man* by S. S. Lappin. Today it is easy to forget that people could starve not so long ago during a bad year on a farm. Mr. Lappin's recollections are homespun but not simple-minded: he recalls with humane clarity his early life, his fatherless family's dire miseries, and his hunger for learning.

The Roman Empire has its current fascinations for many of us. After reading *Hadrian's Memoirs* by Marguerite Yourcenar and Moses Hadas' *A History of Rome*,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Loyalty and Security

RALPH S. BROWN, JR.

An examination of the employment tests instituted by government agencies and private enterprise during the cold-war decade in the name of loyalty and security; and an appraisal of claims on behalf of security *and* freedom. $6.00

ESP and Personality Patterns

GERTRUDE RAFFEL SCHMEIDLER and R. A. McCONNELL

This report by a psychologist and a physicist, based on nine years of experimental research, points to important new conclusions concerning the relationship between ESP performance and the attitude and personality characteristics of the subject. $4.00

The *Travels* of William Bartram

edited by FRANCIS HARPER

The first examination and interpretation of a classic of American natural history to be conducted *expressly* from the naturalist's point of view. Numerous new illustrations in addition to those of the 1791 edition. $8.50

Yale UNIVERSITY PRESS, *New Haven, Connecticut*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as told by Roman Historians, I am now in the middle of Thornton Wilder's *The Ides of March.* I find this book more interesting than any other novel of Wilder's that I have read.

One book, recently issued, has stirred me—*Democratic Vistas* by Richard Chase. Chase's book is a Platonic symposium about the present state of American life and letters. Much of the argument revolves around the role of the middle-brow in American culture: whether he serves as the valuable harmonizer and mediator between low culture or mass culture on the one hand, and high culture on the other; or whether, by homogenizing both ends in an undifferentiated middle, he robs American attitudes of savor and seriousness. The book itself has both savor and seriousness; *inter alia,* it invites us to re-examine these qualities in Walt Whitman in the process of preserving his dialectical tensions and complexities inside his prolix catholicity. Though the counters of discourse in the book are the staples of American literature, they do not get in the way of the debate about the quality of American life at large.

I read in manuscript a book which has just come out, Allen Wheelis' *The Quest for Identity.* This is a book by a psychoanalyst which is half fictionalized autobiography and half cultural criticism. He tries to show what changes of the sort which Richard Chase discusses mean for analytic therapy and for the analyst himself as a human being. While the mixture of fiction and fact presents some of the difficulties John Dos Passos encountered, it is nonetheless a thoughtful and open exploration of self and society.

Probably the book of widest reach and deepest impact that I have read lately is Lewis Mumford's *The Transformations of Man.* (I have also been rereading Mumford in the useful paperback *The Human Prospect,* in *Sticks and Stones,* and some of his *New Yorker* pieces.) It puzzles me why Mumford appears to be so little read in this country, apart from a few city planners and architects and those who read him in the *New Yorker.* His own breadth as a scholar —reflected in his demands on life to become more whole and less parochial—takes him outside departmental cliques; and highbrows find in him neither theological gloom nor smartness nor sarcasm. Yet, like few other writers, he can humanize technology, can lend historical depth to contemporary problems, and seek to pierce the future with prophecy that is utopian but grounded in man's nature. *The Transformations of Man* says much about where man stands today and what he might become if nationalism allows him any future.

DAVID RIESMAN

* * *

Most of what I read is in the line of duty, and I wouldn't wish it on anyone, spring, summer, fall or winter. However, if civic virtue is much of a spur, one could do worse than read *Ethics and United States Foreign Policy* by Ernest Lefever; *Russia, the Atom and the West* by George Kennan; and *Power and Diplomacy* by Dean Acheson. For some reason, books on foreign policy tend to be more literate and civilized than books on any other phase of politics, and one of the bright spots of recent years has been the emergence of a group of diplomats, most of whom write passably well and some of whom write brilliantly. (Besides the Messrs. Kennan and Acheson, there have been Charles Burton Marshall with *The Limits of Foreign Policy,* Louis J. Halle with *Civilization and Foreign Policy,* and Dorothy Fosdick with *Common Sense and World Affairs.*)

Dwight Macdonald's *Memoirs of a Revolutionist* and Edmund Wilson's *American Earthquake* seem to me grievously faulted works but interesting for their faults, and perhaps the only recent books that touch even obliquely on American politics and are at the same time interesting—in the old-fashioned sense of holding the interest.

I read novels spottily and finish many fewer than I start. I have finished with great enjoyment, lately, Margaret Creal's *A Lesson in Love,* William Humphrey's *Home from the Hill,* and—from a few years back —Anthony West's *Heritage.* In their different ways, different styles, different settings

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANNOUNCING . . . *The fourth volume in a distinguished series on American Administrative History*

THE REPUBLICAN ERA: 1869-1901

By LEONARD D. WHITE,
Late Professor of Public Administration, University of Chicago

The Republican Era is the fourth and final volume of Dr. Leonard White's brilliant series which traces the evolution of our system of government from 1789 to 1901. This authoritative book covers the changing functions of the great government departments and the personalities of the men at the helm in those formative years after the Civil War and ending with the assumption of the presidency by Theodore Roosevelt. $6.00

Critics acclaim the first books in the series by Dr. White . . .

THE FEDERALISTS: 1789-1801

"Masterly in concept, painstaking in detail, based on a thorough examination of source materials yet written with simplicity and restraint, this account . . . must inevitably command the respect of historians as well as administrators. A 'first' in a new field."
—William Anderson, *The American Historical Review*

THE JEFFERSONIANS: 1801-1829

"An excellent volume, enriched by scholarship, enlivened by its author's deep understanding, made timely by frequent parallels between current problems and those of a century and a quarter ago."
—Ralph Adams Brown, *The Boston Sunday Herald*

THE JACKSONIANS: 1829-1861

"Mr. White doesn't merely tell the story of each of the gradually multiplying branches of the national government. He livens the tale with a delicious wealth of contemporary comment. . . . It is saturated with practical politics from beginning to end . . . entertaining and instructive. . . ."
—James H. Powers, *The Boston Sunday Globe*

at all bookstores, or write

The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—Saskatchewan, East Texas, and here and there in England and France—the three have power, dignity and control. I have started H. L. Humes's *The Underground City* and expect to finish it.

For catch-as-catch-can reading—which is my kind most of the time—I urge Montaigne (not in the new Donald Frame translation, but in E. J. Trechmann, who, whoever he was, knew what could be done with an English sentence), the Holmes-Laski letters, La Rochefoucauld, Dr. Johnson, and Francis Meynell's *The Week-end Book*, which is just as wonderful from Monday to Friday as it is the rest of the week.

RICHARD ROVERE

* * *

American scholars should, of course, not frivol away the whole summer reading pleasant murders and narcotic fiction. Here are four titles that will help keep alive our awareness that we live on a planet in trouble, and that we can do something about it: *The Voyage of the "Lucky Dragon"* by Ralph E. Lapp; *Russia, the Atom, and the West* by George F. Kennan; *The Lonesome Road* by Saunders Redding; *World Peace Through World Law* by Grenville Clark and Louis B. Sohn.

HARLOW SHAPLEY

* * *

I think it likely that other members of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR Board will recommend for enjoyable reading nonfiction of various sorts in their several special fields. So let me speak of three recent novels that have given me pleasure.

I found May Sarton's *The Birth of a Grandfather* an unusually satisfying, at times moving, story of a middle-aged couple flanked on one hand by a generation whose lives are drawing to a close, and on the other by young people approaching adulthood and looking for increasing independence. The novel has a quiet reality and is written not in poetic prose, but in the sensitive prose of a poet.

Home from the Hill, William Humphrey's first novel, combines sheer narrative magic with a faculty for evoking vivid scenes and an ability to convey tender as well as startling emotion.

C. P. Snow (Sir Charles Percy Snow, recently knighted not for his literary work but for his work as a scientist) has been writing for more than twenty years a projected series of ten novels under the general title "Strangers and Brothers," each a penetrating examination of power in the structure of society—political, scientific and industrial power. In the seventh volume of the series, *The Conscience of the Rich*, he turns to the personal aspect of power—the power of a father's love over his children, of children over parents, of social mores over behavior, of convictions and loyalties over actions. It is written with a clear focus on character and in a polished literary style that is a joy to read.

IRITA VAN DOREN

RECOMMENDED SUMMER READING CHECK LIST

Recent Editions and Preferred Translations

ACHESON, DEAN. *Power and Diplomacy*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1958.
ANDERSON, MARIAN. *My Lord, What a Morning*. New York: Viking, 1956.
ANGLE, PAUL. (ed.). *Created Equal?: The Complete Lincoln-Douglas Debates of 1858*. Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1958.
AUERBACH, ERICH. *Mimesis*. New York: Doubleday, 1957.
BARZUN, JACQUES. *God's Country and Mine*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1954.
BEDFORD, SYBILLE. *A Legacy*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1957.
BISHOP, ELIZABETH. *Poems: North and South—A Cold Spring*. New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1955.
BOWEN, ELENORE SMITH. *Return to Laughter*. New York: Harper, 1955.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Louisiana State University Press

American Literature and Christian Doctrine

By RANDALL STEWART. This important book shows how Christian beliefs, and departures from them, have influenced our literature from its Calvinist-Puritan beginnings through Deism and Naturalism to the resurgence of Christian thought in contemporary writers. *176 pp., $3.50*

Where the Word Ends—The Life of Louis Moreau Gottschalk

By VERNON LOGGINS. A biography of America's first pianist and composer of genius. Born in New Orleans in 1829, at fifteen Gottschalk made his debut in Paris and was hailed as another Liszt by Berlioz, Hugo, and Dumas. His powers as player and creator brought him acclaim on three continents.
9 illus., 256 pp., $3.95

Doctors in Gray—The Confederate Medical Service

By H. H. CUNNINGHAM. A comprehensive history of the Confederate Medical Service in America's bloodiest conflict. The contributions of its members to the military effort and the status American medicine had achieved by the 1860's are here fully appraised for the first time. *8 illus., 372 pp., $6.00*

Hoke Smith and the Politics of the New South

By DEWEY GRANTHAM, JR. A member of President Cleveland's cabinet, twice Governor of Georgia, ten years a U. S. Senator, Hoke Smith's revealing career cut across such significant periods as the Bourbon Era, the Populist Revolt, and the Progressive Movement. *9 illus., 384 pp., $5.00*

The South in the Revolution, 1763-1789

By JOHN RICHARD ALDEN. Volume III of *A History of the South.* The first full-scale account of a crucial and violent era in the South. Mr. Alden, winner of the Beveridge prize, treats incisively the political, social, and military events that heralded the rise of the Section and the Union. *10 illus., 458 pp., $7.50*

Nuclear Energy in the South

By REDDING S. SUGG, JR., Editor. Blueprints the coming Atomic Age in the South, from the present until 1975, during which nuclear energy will transform industry, engineering and agriculture, and bring miraculous advances in medicine and public health. *8 illus., 168 pp., $3.50*

Freudianism and the Literary Mind

By FREDERICK J. HOFFMAN. A stimulating study of the debt modern literature owes to Freudian theory, and of the intuitions of art that have aided the psychoanalyst. Dylan Thomas, Joyce, Lawrence, Kafka, Fitzgerald and Henry Miller are among the many authors treated. *biblio., 362 pp., $5.00*

Order and History

By ERIC VOEGELIN. **The World of the Polis** *(Volume II)* and **Plato and Aristotle** (Volume III) are a continuation of what the *Yale Review* has described as "the most important historical work of the twentieth century." These volumes explore the Greek world and its connection with our own world order.
416 pp., each $6.00

Freedom, Virtue, and the First Amendment

By WALTER BERNS. Mr. Berns exposes the sandy foundations of the civil liberties doctrine and reasserts the true bases of law and government. This trenchant work will sharply effect current political theory. *240 pp., $4.00*

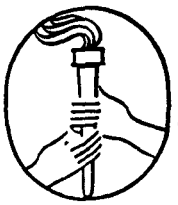
Through your bookseller, or from

***Louisiana State University Press** • Baton Rouge 3, La.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CARY, JOYCE. *Aissa Saved.* New York: Collins, 1949.
———. *The Horse's Mouth.* New York: Harper, 1950.
———. *Mr. Johnson.* New York: Harper, 1951.
CHARLESWORTH, J. K. *The Quaternary Era.* 2 vols. New York: St. Martin's, 1957.
CHASE, RICHARD. *Democratic Vistas.* New York: Doubleday, 1958.
CLARK, GRENVILLE, and SOHN, LOUIS B. *World Peace Through World Law.* Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1958.
CLARK, KENNETH M. *Landscape Painting.* New York: Scribner's, 1950.
———. *The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form.* New York: Pantheon, 1956.
———. *Piero della Francesca.* New York: Phaidon, 1951.
COZZENS, JAMES GOULD. *By Love Possessed.* New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1957.
———. *The Last Adam.* New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1933.
———. *Men and Brethren.* New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1936.
CREAL, MARGARET. *A Lesson in Love.* New York: Simon and Schuster, 1957.
DICKENS, CHARLES. *Great Expectations.* New York: Dutton, 1950.
DINESEN, ISAK. *Out of Africa.* New York: Modern Library, 1952.
ERRINGTON, PAUL L. *Of Men and Marshes.* New York: Macmillan, 1957.
FORSTER, LEONARD W. (ed.). *The Penguin Book of German Verse, With Plain Prose Translations of Each Poem.* Baltimore: Penguin, 1957.
FOSDICK, DOROTHY. *Common Sense and World Affairs.* New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1955.
FRIEDMAN, WILLIAM and ELIZEBETH. *The Shakespearean Ciphers Examined.* New York: Cambridge University Press, 1957.
GAUSTAD, EDWIN S. *The Great Awakening in New England.* New York: Harper, 1957.
GILES, HERBERT. (trans.). *Chuang Tzŭ, Mystic, Moralist, and Social Reformer.* London: Quaritch, 1926.
GIRAUDOUX, JEAN. *Electra.* Contained in *The Modern Theatre,* edited by ERIC BENTLEY. Vol. I. New York: Doubleday, 1955.
GREENACRE, PHYLLIS. *Swift and Carroll: A Psychoanalytic Study of Two Lives.* New York: International Universities Press, 1955.
GRODDECK, GEORG. *Exploring the Unconscious.* New York: Funk and Wagnalls, 1950.
———. *The World of Man.* New York: Funk and Wagnalls, 1951.
HADAS, MOSES. (ed.). *A History of Rome, From Its Origins to 529 A.D., As Told by Roman Historians.* New York: Doubleday, 1956.
HALLE, LOUIS J. *Civilization and Foreign Policy.* New York: Harper, 1955.
HEINEMANN, F. H. *Existentialism and the Modern Predicament.* New York: Harper, 1953.
HIGHET, GILBERT. *Poets in a Landscape.* New York: Knopf, 1957.
HOFMANNSTHAL, HUGO VON. *Selected Prose.* Translated by MARY HOTTINGER and TANIA and JAMES STERN. (Contains *Andreas*) New York: Pantheon, 1952.
———. *Der Rosenkavalier.* Translated by ALFRED KALISCH. London: Fürstner, 1912.
HOUGHTON, WALTER E. *The Victorian Frame of Mind, 1830-1870.* New Haven: Yale University Press, 1957.
HOWE, MARK DEWOLFE. *Holmes-Laski Letters: The Correspondence of Mr. Justice Holmes and Harold J. Laski, 1916-1935.* 2 vols. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1953.
HUMES, H. L. *The Underground City.* New York: Random House, 1958.
HUMPHREY, WILLIAM. *Home from the Hill.* New York: Knopf, 1958.
HUXLEY, JULIAN. *New Bottles for New Wine.* New York: Harper, 1958.
KAFKA, FRANZ. *Dearest Father.* New York: Schocken, 1954.
KELLER, GOTTFRIED. "The Three Righteous Combmakers." Contained in *The Twelve Best Short Stories in the German Language,* edited by RICHARD MEYER. London: Gowens and Gray, 1926.
KENNAN, GEORGE F. *Russia, the Atom and the West.* New York: Harper, 1958.
LAPP, RALPH E. *The Voyage of the "Lucky Dragon."* New York: Harper, 1958.
LAPPIN, S. S. *Run Sammy Run: Sixty-five Years a Preacher Man.* St. Louis: Bethany, 1958.
LARKIN, PHILIP. *The Less Deceived.* New York: St. Martin's, 1958.
LAWRENCE, D. H. *Complete Short Stories.* London: Heinemann, 1955.
LEFEVER, ERNEST. *Ethics and United States Foreign Policy.* New York: Meridian, 1957.
LEOPOLD, NATHAN F. *Life Plus 99 Years.* New York: Doubleday, 1958.
LESKOV, NIKOLAI S. *The Amazon, and Other Stories.* Translated by DAVID MAGARSHACK. London: Allen and Unwin, 1949.
———. *The Sentry, and Other Stories.* Translated by A. E. CHAMOT. (Contains "The Lady Macbeth of the Mzinsk District") New York: Knopf, 1923.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New HARPER Books

HIGHER EDUCATION IN TRANSITION

An American History: 1636-1956

By **JOHN S. BRUBACHER,** *Yale University,* and **WILLIS RUDY,** *Worcester State Teachers College.* Beyond its importance for all who work in higher education, this book has significance for every reader interested in American ideas, traditions, and social and intellectual history. Beginning with colonial times, the authors trace the development of our college and university system chronologically, in terms of men and institutions. They bring into focus such major areas of concern as curriculum, administration, academic freedom, and student life. They tell their story with a sharp eye for the human values at stake and the issues that will be with us in the future. $7.50

THE RELIGIONS OF MAN

By **HUSTON SMITH,** *Washington University.* A popular teacher unfolds an objective description of the major religions and shows how and why each appeals to its adherents. Christianity, Buddhism, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism, and Taoism are considered in detail. A book of special value to Americans who meet in political, diplomatic and social relations representatives of other cultures. $5.00

FOUNDATIONS OF FREEDOM

in the American Constitution

Edited by **ALFRED H. KELLY,** *Wayne State University.* Introduction by John B. Oakes. Professor Kelly, T. V. Smith, Zechariah Chafee, Jack W. Peltason, Robert K. Carr, and Alan F. Westin explore the idea of constitutional liberty in America—its origins, strengths, weaknesses and points of stress. Historical perspective on many complex issues of our time, including the handling of seditious activity in a free society, the powers of congressional investigating committees, and government security programs. $3.50

At all bookstores or from

Harper & Brothers, N. Y. 16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MACAULAY, ROSE. *The Towers of Trebizond*. New York: Farrar, Straus, 1957.
MACDONALD, DWIGHT. *Memoirs of a Revolutionist: Essays in Political Criticism*. New York: Farrar, Straus, 1957.
MACGREGOR, GEDDES. *The Tichborne Impostor*. New York: Lippincott, 1957.
MAGARSHACK, DAVID. *Chekhov: A Life*. New York: Grove, 1953.
———. *Gogol: A Life*. New York: Grove, 1957.
———. *Turgenev*. New York: Grove, 1954.
MARQUAND, JOHN P. *Mr. Moto's Three Aces*. Boston: Little, Brown, 1956.
MARSHALL, CHARLES BURTON. *The Limits of Foreign Policy*. New York: Holt, 1954.
MEYNELL, FRANCIS. *The Week-end Book*. New York: Random House, 1955.
MILNE, GORDON. *George William Curtis and the Genteel Tradition*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1956.
MONTAIGNE, M. E. DE. *Essays*. Translated by E. J. TRECHMANN. New York: Oxford University Press, 1946.
MORRIS, WRIGHT. *The Territory Ahead*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, scheduled for fall of 1958.
MUMFORD, LEWIS. *The Human Prospect*, edited by HARRY T. MOORE and KARL W. DEUTSCH. Boston: Beacon, 1955.
———. *Sticks and Stones: A Study of American Architecture and Civilization*. New York: Dover, 1955.
———. *The Transformations of Man*. New York: Harper, 1956.
MUSIL, ROBERT. *The Man Without Qualities*. Translated by EITHNE WILKINS and ERNEST KAISER. 2 vols. New York: Coward-McCann, 1953, 1954.
NABOKOV, VLADIMIR. *Pnin*. New York: Doubleday, 1957.
POPPER, KARL R. *The Poverty of Historicism*. Boston: Beacon, 1957.
PROUST, MARCEL. *Contre Sainte-Beuve*. Paris: Gallimard, 1954.
———. *Jean Santeuil*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1956.
———. *Remembrance of Things Past*. New York: Random House, 1934.
READ, HERBERT. *English Prose Style*. Boston: Beacon, 1955.
REDDING, SAUNDERS. *The Lonesome Road*. New York: Doubleday, 1958.
RENIERS, PERCEVAL. *The Springs of Virginia: Life, Love and Death at the Waters, 1775-1900*. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1941.
RILKE, RAINER MARIA. *The Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*. Translated by M. D. HERTER NORTON. New York: Norton, 1949.
RUSH, J. H. *The Dawn of Life*. New York: Hanover House, 1958.
SAINT-SIMON. *Memoirs*. 6 vols. London: S. Paul, 1915-1918.
SARTON, MAY. *The Birth of a Grandfather*. New York: Rinehart, 1957.
SNOW, C. P. *The Conscience of the Rich*. New York: Scribner's, 1958.
STARKIE, ENID. *Baudelaire*. New York: New Directions, 1958.
STEAD, CHRISTINA. *The Man Who Loved Children*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1940.
TAYLOR, PETER. *Tennessee Day in St. Louis*. New York: Random House, 1957.
TURGENEV, IVAN. *A Lear of the Steppes, and Other Stories*. Translated by CONSTANCE GARNETT. London: Heinemann, 1898.
VAN DEN HAAG, ERNEST, and ROSS, RALPH. *The Fabric of Society*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1958.
VERGA, GIOVANNI. *Cavalleria Rusticana, and Other Stories*. Translated by D. H. LAWRENCE. London: Cape, 1928.
———. *House by the Medlar Tree*. Translated by ERIC MOSBACHER. New York: Grove, 1953.
———. *Little Novels of Sicily*. Translated by D. H. LAWRENCE. New York: Grove, 1955.
WEST, ANTHONY. *Heritage*. New York: Random House, 1955.
WHEELIS, ALLEN. *The Quest for Identity*. New York: Norton, 1958.
WILDER, THORNTON. *The Ides of March*. New York: Harper, 1950.
WILSON, EDMUND. *American Earthquake*. New York: Doubleday, 1958.
WESCOTT, GLENWAY. *Apartment in Athens*. New York and London: Harper, 1945.
———. *The Apple of the Eye*. New York: Dial, 1924.
———. *Good-bye Wisconsin*. New York: Harper, 1928.
———. *The Grandmothers*. New York: Harper, 1950.
———. *The Pilgrim Hawk*. New York: Harper, 1940.
YOURCENAR, MARGUERITE. *Hadrian's Memoirs*. Translated by GRACE FRICK in collaboration with the author. New York: Farrar, Straus, 1954.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Isaiah Scroll from Dead Sea Cave—one of many ancient manuscripts pictured in full color in Volume 12.

a storehouse of biblical knowledge ...at your finger tips!

THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE

-in 12 volumes

In the last six years, you have read and heard the enthusiastic praise that authorities in all fields have given *THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE* . . .

Perhaps you saw these words of acclaim: "Indispensable! The most exciting commentary publication of this century."—*Religious Education*. Or maybe these: "It has the vitality of Christian experience and conviction, the inspiration of genuine scholarship."—*Journal of Bible and Religion*.

Also, in the last six years, you have probably bought one or more volumes of this great commentary . . .

Perhaps you started with Volumes 7 and 8, because they give you the Gospels and General Articles on the New Testament. Or with Volume 1, which brings you, in addition to Genesis and Exodus, General Articles on the Bible and on the Old Testament. Or with Volume 12, for the material on the Dead Sea Scrolls and the 16 pages of color photographs of ancient manuscripts . . .

But because *THE INTERPRETER'S BIBLE* was planned and produced to give an accurate comprehensive commentary on the *entire Bible*, you can derive the greatest benefit from it only by using the entire set.

Examine the complete set at your bookseller's.

12 volumes, each, $8.75

146 Outstanding Contributors

By completing the set, you will also have the advantage of sharing the intellectual talents and spiritual resources of 146 leading teachers, preachers, and scholars of the Protestant world. Some of these outstanding contributors are:

John Knox, Baldwin Professor of Sacred Theology, Union Theological Seminary, New York.

George Arthur Buttrick, Chairman of the Board of Preachers and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals, Harvard University.

Frederick C. Grant, Professor of Biblical Theology, Union Theological Seminary, New York.

Samuel Terrien, Auburn Professor of Old Testament, Union Theological Seminary, New York.

Frank Moore Cross, Jr., Associate Professor of Old Testament, Harvard Divinity School.

Halford E. Luccock, Professor Emeritus of Homiletics, The Divinity School, Yale University.

VISIT YOUR BOOKSTORE SOON **Abingdon Press**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

..... *The Revolving Bookstand* .....

Toynbee and Metahistory

C. VANN WOODWARD

The contrast between the history they learned before the Second World War and the history that has been made since that time has left historians with divided minds and serious misgivings about their craft. Little they were taught helped prepare them to expect what was to happen. Prewar historiography was characterized by a somewhat myopic concentration upon Europe and a preoccupation with the nation-state as the all-important unit.

In the old history, Europe was the center of the world, the determining force, the source from which energy and initiative radiated. The rest of the world, save for a Monroe Doctrine-protected America, was the theater in which European plans and rivalries were acted out. The assumption was that the rest of the world would eventually be Europeanized, even granting that colonization was a crude and outmoded means of bringing about this desirable end. Upon these assumptions were based the allocation of space, the focus of emphasis, and the basic interpretations of the old history.

The war made the old assumptions untenable. Europe shrank in size and even more in influence. Ancient colonies and possessions in Asia and Africa slipped quickly from her grasp. New giants arose, Russia to the east and America in the west, to dominate the scene. If Europe still seemed at times the center of attention, it was mainly as the theater in which non-European ambitions and rivalries were acted out, not as the prime mover of it all. It was rather clear that the European Age was finished, and with it the traditional history that interpreted the world in terms of the small nation-states of Western Europe. Such history was inadequate for the past and irrelevant for the future.

What was needed was a new history that responded to living needs, a history that established some vital connection between the present and the past as well as between the past and the future. The new history could not pretend that the future hung upon the dynastic problems of the Hapsburgs, the diplomacy of Bismarck, or the oratory of Lloyd George. It could no longer relegate America and Russia to paragraphs on diplomatic relations, nor China, India and Islam to chapters on "imperialism." It would have to raise its sights beyond Europe and the West to transcend the old ancient-medieval-modern time scheme.

The crisis in historiography and the contemporary craving for a more satisfying interpretation of history gave rise to the five volumes under discussion.* The term "me-

✪ C. VANN WOODWARD is a professor of history at Johns Hopkins University. He is the author of a number of books, the two most recently published being *Reunion and Reaction* and *The Strange Career of Jim Crow.*

* *History in a Changing World* by Geoffrey Barraclough. University of Oklahoma Press, 1956.

The Dynamics of World History by Christopher Dawson, edited by John J. Mulloy. Sheed & Ward, 1956.

On the Philosophy of History by Jacques Maritain, edited by Joseph W. Evans. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1957.

Toynbee and History: Critical Essays and Reviews, edited by M. F. Ashley Montagu. Porter Sargent, 1956.

The Poverty of Historicism by Karl R. Popper. Beacon Press, 1957.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE SICILIAN VESPERS

By Sir Steven Runciman

On March 30, 1282, as the bells of Palermo were ringing for Vespers, the Sicilian townsfolk, crying "Death to the French," rose and slaughtered the garrison and administration of their Angevin king. Taking this comparatively minor—but crucial—act of resistance as his climax, Sir Steven brilliantly narrates and explains the whole complex history of the Mediterranean world in the later thirteenth century. ". . . the sights he shows us are magnificent."

—*The New Yorker* $5.50

THE USES OF ARGUMENT

By Stephen Toulmin

Here Professor Toulmin enquires why the abstract character of traditional logic need cut the subject off from practical considerations, and shows how an alternative conception can be of more value. $4.50

ENGLISH SATIRE

By J. R. Sutherland

The first unified account of the nature and resources of satire and the achievements of English satirists, showing satire to be a strong and natural native growth with a positive purpose, and capable of extraordinary triumphs of art. $3.75

Copies are available at your local bookstore

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

32 East 57th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tahistory" was first applied to some efforts of this sort in derision, but was taken up later by the Catholic historian Christopher Dawson and used respectfully.

The answer to the postwar prayer for a new kind of history would seem at first to have been anticipated in the prewar era by the first six volumes of Arnold J. Toynbee's huge work, *A Study of History*. It seemed planned to meet many of the specifications. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between the popular success of the work in America (where it is "second only to whiskey as a dollar-earner," according to one sardonic Oxford don) and its reception by English historians. The appearance of the last four volumes in the fall of 1954 was the occasion of something rather like a literary lynching, particularly in Toynbee's native land. Any institution so un-English as a lynching bee naturally had to submit to some modifications. The amenities of the cricket field were generally observed, but the lynchers were obviously out to do the man in without benefit of trial. The proceedings of this informal auto-da-fé have been rounded up and edited by M. F. Ashley Montagu, who remarks in a foreword with masterly understatement that some of Toynbee's claims have been "disputed."

Sources of annoyance with Toynbee among British academic historians are not hard to find. Their training is traditional, and they have what amounts to a vested interest in the nation-state as the proper field of historical investigation. Toynbee is antinationalist to the point of fanaticism and will accept nothing short of a "civilization" as an "intelligible field of study." For him nations are the "veritable slums" among human institutions, "untenable anachronisms." He is particularly indifferent to the glories of English national history, the first love of all English historians. "I could wish," sighs Sir Ernest Barker, one of his milder critics, "that he had mastered English history as he has mastered Hellenistic." Barker finds in the index to Toynbee's volumes "only half a column" under the entry "England," while "Egypt has six."

What nettles the British spirit is that Toynbee is no Faust-bitten Prussian, no bemused Muscovite. He is one of their very own: Winchester, Balliol, Chatham House, and all the rest. To A. J. P. Taylor of Oxford, the *Study* is "monstrous," nothing less than "a repudiation of Rationalism." To Hugh Trevor-Roper, newly elected Regius Professor of History at the same university, it is "intellectual hanky-panky" full of "conjuring-tricks" and withal "a terrible perversion of history." Compatriots and colleagues forget senior-common-room restraint in their indignation. Toynbee, they say, is a "hotch-potch of platitudes," "hopelessly far-fetched," with an "astounding indifference to accuracy." One critic is unkind enough to discover in the index to the last four volumes of the *Study* two columns under the entry "God" and two under "Toynbee, Arnold Joseph."

The most deeply offended and bitterly indignant group of all is probably the Jewish community, particularly the Zionists. Toynbee's treatment of Jewish history is undoubtedly unsympathetic, and he repeatedly takes the position that Zionism is a usurpation of the Divine province. None of his Jewish critics here represented goes so far as to accuse him of vulgar anti-Semitism. In fact, Abba Eban, Israeli Ambassador to the United States, absolves him of the charge, but goes on to accuse him of "a marked reluctance to recognize any ideas as authentically Jewish, except the quality of fanaticism." To the Ambassador, of course, Israel is a "wondrous consummation"; to the Professor it is "a parody" of that most offensive of institutions, the nation-state. The indignation of Walter Kaufmann provokes him to level against Toynbee charges of "self-importance," "conceit" and the ostentatiousness of Hollywood.

Some of the Catholic response to Toynbee is surprisingly harsh, considering the increasing deference he has shown the Church as his work has progressed. In an essay that appears in the Ashley Montagu collection, Linus Walker of the House of Dominican Studies at Washington finds the historian guilty of "egregious error," his new world religion "a syncratic stew, a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VIKING PRESS

NEW NON-FICTION

MORE LIGHT ON THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

A work of religious and historic importance, this new volume by the author of *The Dead Sea Scrolls* brings the reader up to date on these fascinating archeological discoveries, and the latest deductions and interpretations. Dr. Burrows' book sheds new light on the religious life of the two centuries before and after the birth of Christ, and makes dramatically clear the painstaking work of scholarly detection. With new translations by the author.

$6.50

by Millar Burrows

THE VIKING BOOK OF POETRY OF THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD

A REVISED, UP-DATED MID-CENTURY EDITION of one of the most comprehensive anthologies of British and American poetry ever made. This invaluable collection contains one and one-half times as many lines of verse as the best similar anthology. Sixteen new poets and some fifty pages of poems have been added, with contemporaries down to the mid-twentieth century given a proportionate place with the poets of the past.
1376 pages, 2 vols., boxed, $12.50

Edited by Richard Aldington

LONGER LIFE
WHAT OUR LENGTHENING LIFE SPAN IS DOING TO OUR ECONOMY

A forthright attack on the way we treat people over 65. How can we stop wasting manpower? How can we correct the injustices that our older citizens now suffer? In this stimulating and pertinent study, Dr. Soule dramatizes the whole problem of longer life with startling statistics, and with his own vigorous proposals.

$3.00

by George Soule

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dogmatic cipher" and "a monstrous blasphemy."

From a French Catholic, the distinguished Thomist philosopher Jacques Maritain, and an English Catholic, Christopher Dawson, professor at Exeter University, come somewhat more tolerant views of Toynbee and a more genial approach to the need for a new philosophy of history. *On the Philosophy of History* is based on a transcription of lectures Maritain gave at the University of Notre Dame and is not to be numbered among the author's major works. Emphasizing the modesty of his purpose, Professor Maritain insists that history cannot be rationally "explained" but that it can be "characterized, interpreted or deciphered in a certain measure and as to certain general aspects." Maritain will go so far as to say that Toynbee is "a good example of an honest and fair attempt in the philosophy of history." But since he maintains that there can be no adequate philosophy of history that is uninformed by prophetic or theological data, he finds Toynbee "disappointing." Toynbee's approach is "completely nontheological" and "merely rational"; and even though "immensely erudite and thoroughly conscientious," his work is characterized by "shallowness."

Unlike Toynbee and Maritain, Christopher Dawson is virtually unknown in the United States, except in limited professional circles. This is a great pity, for Dawson has a rare depth and range of learning. He has no pedantic quirks or esoteric poses that put off the intelligent laymen to whom he is ready and willing to address himself. Dawson completely lacks the typical English historian's standoffishness toward the philosophical approach and toward universal history. The first part of this valuable collection of his papers, *Dynamics of World History,* exhibits a most un-English acquaintance with the social sciences. It is entitled "Toward a Sociology of History" and is one of the best things that has happened to British historiography in a long time. The latter half of the book, "Conceptions of World History," is of the greater relevance in the present discussion. It contains among other things an illuminating series of essays on the Christian view of history, as well as brilliant studies of the historical philosophies of St. Augustine, Edward Gibbon, Karl Marx, Oswald Spengler and Arnold Toynbee.

Dawson frankly says that he writes as "a firm believer in the organic life of civilization and the existence of a cyclic movement in history which determines the main phases of the life of the peoples." He does not shy away from the comparison of civilizations or the wider perspectives of world history. He believes that "metahistory is not the enemy of true history but its guide and its friend." Dawson's model metahistorian is Alexis de Tocqueville, who was both historian and sociologist. Tocqueville's profoundity, according to Dawson, "is due to the breadth of his spiritual vision and to the strength of his religious faith."

It is clear from this orientation that Christopher Dawson is a good deal more favorably disposed toward Toynbee than many of his compatriots and most of his coreligionists. He deplores the harsh and cranky reception that Toynbee's work got among English professional historians. For all his admitted admiration of Toynbee's "immense learning and universal cultural interests," however, Dawson rejects two fundamental tenets of the new metahistory. One of these, the philosophical equivalence of the twenty-one "civilizations," is basic to the first half of the ten-volume work. The other, theological equivalence of the four higher religions, is basic to the latter part. Professor Dawson cannot stomach the relativism of either principle.

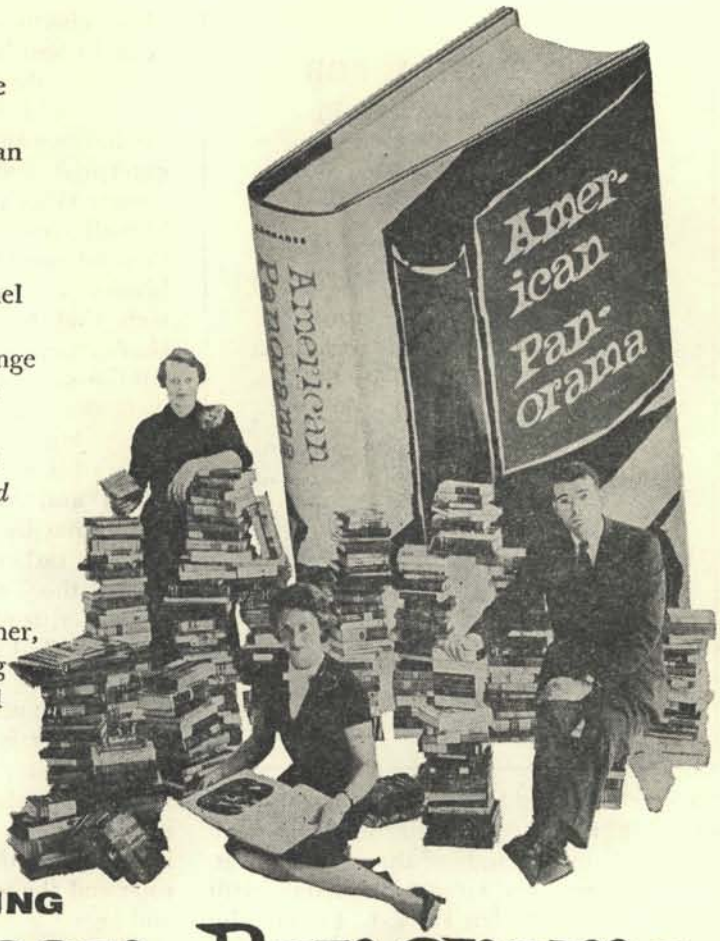
Among the books under discussion, that of logician Karl R. Popper of the London School of Economics is easily the most hostile to historical generalization and anything resembling what Dawson calls metahistory. Popper tends to associate all seekers of pattern and law in history with authoritarianism and rejects them out of hand. Adopting a highly individual and rather perverse definition that is nearly the reverse of the usual one, Professor Popper labels all such writing "historicism." He writes as a champion of the view "so often

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Original, diverse, AMERICAN PANORAMA offers a fresh introduction to American life and literature through 350 stimulating essays on American books recently judged most representative of the American scene.

The books, selected by a panel of critics for the Carnegie Corporation of New York, range from *Little Women* to *Look Homeward, Angel;* from the works of Thoreau and Mark Twain to *The Lonely Crowd* and short stories from *The New Yorker.*

Emerson, Frost, Anderson, Steinbeck, Commager, Faulkner, Poe, and Sandburg are among the scores of authors discussed in these sometimes critical, occasionally offbeat, but always enjoyable essays.



INTRODUCTION TO GOOD READING

American Panorama

FIFTEEN DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTORS: Jacques Barzun, Lyman Bryson, Carl Carmer, Clifton Fadiman, Cary T. Grayson, Jr., Frank E. Hill, John A. Kouwenhoven, Eric Larrabee, Russell Lynes, Elting E. Morison, Paul Pickrel, John A. Rice, Diana Trilling, Lionel Trilling and Mark Van Doren.

"...a splendid short refresher on American life as reflected in the books toward which they (the essays) so invitingly beckon.
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

"...an affectionate, clear-cut canvas of the American experience, a devoted labor and a delight to read." CLEVELAND (O.) NEWS

"A must for every library, public or private."
HARPER'S MAGAZINE

...witty and informed. Sampling them (the essays) in this volume should whet the reader's appetite for the books themselves."
JOHN BARKHAM, SATURDAY REVIEW SYNDICATE

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY PRESS
Washington Square, New York 3, N. Y.

Please send me.....copies of AMERICAN PANORAMA @ $4.95.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Enclose check or money order.

new york university press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONRADE WEBB
OF HAMPSTEAD

By
WILLIAM T. HASTINGS

The story of a "lost" graduate of Brown University, a member of the Class of 1798, who returned to his native Virginia to become a plantations owner and to build a mansion, "stately Hampstead," in New Kent County. The account continues with the later history of the plantation, the deterioration of the mansion following the Civil War, and its restoration today.

102 pages illustrated $2.50

BROWN UNIVERSITY PRESS
Providence 12, R. I.

attacked as old-fashioned" that history properly abhors generalization and confines itself to the study of the unique event. He identifies his views completely with those of the historian H. A. L. Fisher, who deplores any effort to discern "a plot, a rhythm, a predetermined pattern," who confesses that he "can see only one emergency following upon another" endlessly throughout history, and who firmly declares that "there can be no generalization." Curiously enough, this is the very passage of Fisher that Arnold Toynbee quotes to epitomize the discredited "historicism" that he is out to blast. Popper's meat is Toynbee's poison, yet each would apparently denounce the other as a "historicist." The confusion renders the word virtually useless.

Geoffrey Barraclough became successor to the chair Toynbee held for many years at the University of London. Conspicuously placed upon the dust jacket of Professor Barraclough's new book is an endorsement by his predecessor declaring that the book contains "dynamite enough to blow nineteenth-century Western historicism to smithereens" and wishing "more power to the valiant dynamiter's elbow." This would seem definitely to associate predecessor and successor in a continuity of enterprise and point of view. Yet Barraclough takes particular pains to dissociate himself from Toynbee. He goes so far as to condemn "his inconsistency and his arbitrary use of historical evidence," and feels that he sometimes lacks "the historian's characteristic piety toward the past." At the same time he condemns the auto-da-fé that English historians have made of the publication of Toynbee's work and praises his predecessor for his courage, his vision and his imagination. Barraclough takes what he describes as "a positive, but critical, rather than a negative attitude" toward the Toynbee interpretation as well as "the attitude toward the past which it embodies." This means that he is ready to join in the quest for pattern and rhythm in the past and to condemn those who hold that history is no more than "a tale told by an idiot . . . signifying nothing." It means also that he agrees with Toynbee in calling for "a history that is universal in spirit—a history that looks beyond Europe and the west to humanity in all lands and ages."

Discounting animus and professional jealousy, injured national pride and the spite of the specialist, one must still admit that the total body of critical literature has left some very damaging marks upon the prestige of *A Study of History*. Time and again the expert, often regretfully and with professed admiration for the master's learning in "other fields," turns in a flatly negative opinion of Toynbee's handling of the critic's own area of specialization. Wayne Altree, a specialist on the history of China, reports that "the facts of Chinese history do not square with the theory" that Toynbee advances. An Islamic expert, Gotthold Weil, finds "an abyss between his scheme and a reality which cannot be bridged." The geographer O. H. K. Spate finds Toynbee's geographical theory "a house of many mansions all imposing, many beautiful; but builded upon sand." Pitrim A. Soro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bertrand Russell *hails*

CRITIQUE OF RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

By WALTER KAUFMANN

BERTRAND RUSSELL says: "Professor Walter Kaufmann's book sets forth learnedly and temperately, but yet in a very interesting manner, objections to various current orthodoxies. These objections, which I believe to be valid, deserve at the very least the serious consideration of all who are concerned with the subject which Professor Kaufmann treats. I sincerely hope that his book will enjoy, as it should, a wide circle of readers."

BRAND BLANSHARD says: "An extraordinarily learned and sensitive mind; he covers an immense field and throws light on every part of it."

At your bookseller • $5.00

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

INDUSTRIAL MEDICINE IN WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA, 1850-1950

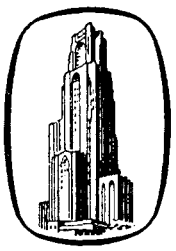
By DR. T. LYLE HAZLETT
and WILLIAM W. HUMMEL

The history of the birth and growth of Industrial Medicine in and around Pittsburgh, the "Cradle of American Industry", is presented by one of its pioneers.

Between 1850 and 1950 no other phase of medicine has made greater progress or contributed more to the well-being of industrial workers than Industrial Medicine. No other section of the country has had such widespread development in medical care by industrial organizations . . . not only in curative medicine, but also in medical research and preventive aspects. This growth has to a large extent been responsible for the increasing interest of employees and organized labor groups in matters affecting public health.

The Buhl Foundation through a grant-in-aid has made possible this latest book in the series of Western Pennsylvania Cultural History.

$6.00



UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH PRESS
3309 CATHEDRAL OF LEARNING
PITTSBURGH 13, PENNSYLVANIA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE

Bentley Hall, named for the Reverend William Bentley of Salem, Mass. Acquisition of the Bentley library in 1817 elicited letters from Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, and James Monroe. The college also owns the Winthrop and Isaiah Thomas Colonial collections, and the Ida M. Tarbell Lincoln materials. Meadville, Pennsylvania.

Home of Eta of Pennsylvania, Phi Beta Kappa

BALFOUR SERVICE . . .

Worthy of Your Trust

The same fine craftsmanship which distinguishes your Phi Beta Kappa key is yours in other Balfour products.

We pledge highest quality and friendly service so that we may continue worthy of your greatest trust.

Service Pins
Awards, Cups, Trophies
Ceramics
Paper Products
Class Rings
Banquet Favors and Place Cards
Fraternity Pins and Crested Gifts

Write for free catalog

L.G. Balfour COMPANY
ATTLEBORO, MASSACHUSETTS

kin, the sociologist, writes that the historian "displays either an ignorance or a deliberate neglect of many important sociological works," works that deal in an important way with problems Toynbee himself is attacking.

Toynbee's critics are nevertheless embarrassed to know how to dispose of the man. In the first of his ten volumes he observed that "in the world of scholarship, to give and take criticism is all in the day's work." Since then he seems never to have been daunted. To Ashley Montagu's collection of anti-Toynbee diatribes, Toynbee cheerfully contributed an introductory and a concluding essay. Such a Christian heaping of coals upon heads has rarely been seen. He cheers on his detractors and writes blurbs for their books. In the midst of the lynching at Oxford three years ago, the victim himself turned up as a spectator, obviously enjoying the spectacle and egging on the ceremonies.

This attitude is, of course, not without its effect upon his critics, nearly all of whom pause to pay tribute to some aspect of the man they are attacking. Even his severest critic, the Dutch historian Pieter Geyl, who has published an anti-Toynbee volume, confesses he "could not help feeling an admiration, bordering on amazement or awe," and exclaims, "What flashes of insight, what instructive juxtapositions even—what learning, what brilliance!"

As severe and destructive as the criticism has been thus far, it has been accompanied by too many compliments to be devastating. One of the most common compliments is the unconscious one of employing the Toynbeean terminology to denounce the originator. It is apparent that historians will never again be able to ignore many of the large problems Toynbee first confronted. And in doing so it will take a conscious effort to avoid the use of such terms as "dominant minority," "external proletariat" or "time of troubles"; "universal church" and "successor state"; or such pairs as "challenge and response," "withdrawal and return," "apparentation and affiliation." If we cannot dispense with the vocabulary, it is difficult to see how we can entirely forget its inventor.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brief Comments

THE MYTH OF THE RULING CLASS: Gaetano Mosca and the "Elite." By James H. Meisel. *University of Michigan Press. $7.50.*

In these days of team research, group collaboration, and IBM machines, it is refreshing to encounter this old-fashioned, solitary, individualistic exercise in cogitation. The subject of this study, in what would probably be called political sociology, is Gaetano Mosca, an Italian professor of constitutional law who is best known to the social science public as the author of *The Ruling Class.* In his younger days at the end of the last century, Mosca was an enthusiastic exponent of undemocratic (or elitist) thought, but in his later years he partially recoiled from this ideology after his fellow countryman Mussolini attempted to put some of these ideas into practice.

The present volume is a detailed history of the development of Mosca's thought, with particular reference to his changing conception of the role of the elite or ruling class. The concept of the social myth in the title does not imply either the "truth" or "falsity" of a doctrine, but rather refers to certain broad, seminal ideas that continue to agitate mankind. The myth in this, the Sorelian, sense deals with the great cosmic concerns of human life—the relationships of God to man, of man to man, and the beginning and the end of the world. Social myths are based upon faith rather than reason, and they have been the motivating force for revolutionary movements ranging from Christianity to communism.

The myth of the elite is based upon the demonstrable fact that men are both genetically and socially unequal. The many, in other words, continue to be ruled by the few. In contrast to the elitist myth is the myth of democratic equalitarianism, wherein all members of the society are equal before the law, even if not in genetic

• *An inside view of one of the world's leading religions . . .*

ISLAM:

The Straight Path

Edited by **Kenneth W. Morgan,**
Colgate University

Eleven distinguished Muslim scholars present a lucid and authentic account of one of the world's major religions. In their own words, here is the story of Muhammed's life, his teachings, and the growth of Islam through the centuries. The book portrays vividly the attitudes of Muslims toward the Qur'an as the revealed word of God, the Traditions of the Prophet as the guide to righteousness, and the schools of Islamic law as the basis of daily life.

Culture and practice in each of the major Islamic areas are described. All the main schools of thought are represented and examined. The Western reader will find here a warm and realistic picture of the contemporary Muslim at home, at prayer, and in the mosque. *Endpaper maps, 471 pp.* **May. $6**

• *Also Edited by* **Kenneth W. Morgan:**

The Path of the Buddha

Buddhism Interpreted by Buddhists

An authoritative interpretation of Buddhism by 11 Buddhist scholars who discuss each sect's beliefs and practices. Tracing Buddhism's history, book describes its customs, scriptures, the daily life of monks, etc. *"The most compendious survey of Buddhism as prevalent in all its countries."—**Journal of Oriental Research.** Endpaper maps, 432 pp.* **$6**

The Religion of the Hindus

Seven devout Hindu scholars explain contemporary Hinduism, focusing on its variety and underlying unity. Book treats all forms of religious practice; includes condensed translations of sacred writings most meaningful today. *"Undoubtedly the most important book about Hinduism ever to appear in English."—**The New Republic.** Endpaper maps, 434 pp.* **$6**

At bookstores or from:

THE RONALD PRESS COMPANY
15 East 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEEKING A PUBLISHER?

It is no secret that publication is regarded as the foundation stone of a scholar's career. To gain recognition, prestige and advancement, the scholar has no choice but to seek publication.

Here, at Exposition Press, under our special academic imprint, **Exposition–University Books,** we offer you a complete publishing service.

Your inquiries and manuscripts are invited (all subjects welcomed). An editorial report will be furnished promptly without obligation.

FREE: Two fact-filled, illustrated brochures reveal the behind-the-scenes story of subsidy publishing, describe our 40% royalty plan on first editions and present a breakdown of contract terms and typical costs. **Please write to Andrew Scott, Editorial Department.**

EXPOSITION PRESS,
386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

PUBLISHING

If you are planning to publish a book or booklet, send for our *free folder* describing a low cost production and distribution service—all copies and rights belong to you, plus 70% royalty on our sales for you.

THE WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS
391 East 149th Street New York 55, New York

WRITING A BOOK?

Then you too must have pondered the question, "How can a significant work which is not necessarily a candidate for the best-seller list, be published?"

Our extensive experience in regular commercial and subsidy publishing has made clear to us the need for a 100% honest, selective and professionally skilled co-operative publisher. THIS IS THE FUNCTION WE FULFILL. Our books are handsomely designed, carefully edited, and intelligently promoted. Our books sell, not in explosive spurts, but steadily and regularly. Our imprint is esteemed by libraries, bookstores, reviewers, and scholars. Send your manuscript, fiction or non-fiction, without obligation, for editorial evaluation.

The American Press, Inc.
Attn.: MR. CLUETT
489 FIFTH AVE. New York 17, N. Y.

qualities. The present book is strongly dedicated to the proposition that the democratic myth shall not perish from the earth.

FRANCIS E. MERRILL

REFLECTIONS ON AMERICA. By Jacques Maritain. *Scribner's. $3.50.*

Maritain's little book is not a treatise but a series of Joubertian *maximes* varying in length. Read from one point of view it may seem a somewhat indignant reply to French comments on our materialism and superficiality. What could be more corroded by selfishness than European culture? Such a confrontation provides some solace for the American ego.

But Maritain is also a subtle though amiable critic of our collective sins. On the one hand he pays tribute to our "openness of mind" and our "generosity." On the other, as witness a little chapter entitled "Some American Illusions," he ferrets out our more or less secret sins—for instance, the assumption that "if you are a thinker, you must be a frowning bore," or our blending of sex with science. To be sure, this father-confessor is indulgent, holding that these faults are variants of what is wrong with human nature.

What the reader will remember as the most pleasant praise is Maritain's tribute to our "intellectual courtesy." This is by no means what we always expect a foreign guest to notice, but it is what strikes one refreshingly when one returns home from abroad. Having it spoken now is good, for the time is one in which the nation seems to have acquired an unmerited reputation for being a blend of paranoiac and incompetent oaf. This little book has been written with spirit after more than a decade of association with American education. It should help even our sternest critics to relax a bit.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

AMERICA AS A CIVILIZATION: Life and Thought in the United States Today. By Max Lerner. *Simon & Schuster. $10.00.*

This thousand-page book contains de-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A dramatic event in American History

HERBERT HOOVER'S
THE ORDEAL OF
WOODROW WILSON

A great book *by* a President of the United States *about* a President of the United States. Herbert Hoover worked closely with Woodrow Wilson during the crucial years of the First World War. His new book, based on thousands of personal papers and his own first-hand recollections of the men and events that shaped world history, is an unforgettable tribute to a man whose defeat made him immortal. "An engrossing and moving book."—*Allan Nevins.*

Illustrated with photographs.

$6.00, now at your bookstore.

McGRAW-HILL

scription, analysis and, occasionally, prophecy concerning innumerable segments of American life, ranging from the Supreme Court to comic books, from automation to baseball. While the author's premises are those of orthodox East Coast urban liberalism, *America as a Civilization* is written with studied dispassion and with conscious effort to consider the most recent facts as well as the historical record. I know of no wiser or more complete introduction to life in the United States. De Tocqueville's century-old *Democracy in America* saw the key to our culture in egalitarianism, majority rule and an assumed submergence of individual personality. Although fundamentally intuitive and deductive, the orderly development of the argument created a still effective illusion of factual accuracy.

Mr. Lerner is less original and less philosophical than De Tocqueville. His approach is to synthesize other men's insights, with a wise understanding of the pluralism and contradictory trends in American life. Thus, while he believes our society is business centered, with pecuniary success the chief social goal and "fun" the chief moral rule, he develops the countervailing themes of a fluid class structure, of a striving for personal equality, and of a general vitality which defies all deterministic theories.

The most successful chapters are those dealing with the "Life Cycle of the American" and with the "Capitalistic Economy." In both, the sometimes excessive quotation of authority is held in check to permit a more orderly presentation. In both, the analysis of civilization is so intelligently and broadly conceived that it becomes an instrument of civilization.

ASHER LANS

THE AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE: A Documentary of the Jazz Age, the Great Depression, and the New Deal. By Edmund Wilson. *Doubleday. $6.00.*

Probably no living American writer wields so many literary skills over so wide an area of subject matter as Edmund Wil-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

son. If he has not taken all knowledge to be his province, he has staked out claims to large chunks of it. Literary history and criticism, fiction, politics, economics, social history—his eye rolls in a fine competence from one to the other. In an earlier volume, *The Shores of Light*, he gave us an anthology of his writings on the literature of the twenties and thirties; now he reprints from various sources his papers on the social, economic and political events of the same period.

One envies the future historian his discovery of this vivid, perceptive and critical reflection of a period of our history which is even now, oddly, becoming dim in memory. In its vividness, it is superb reporting; in its perception, it demonstrates the wholeness of Mr. Wilson's involvement in our time; and in its criticism, it satisfies the need for judgment as well as for information. Inevitably, the book will tread on some toes. Among other things, it recounts flirtation with Marxism without the breast-beating some will demand, and it questions the ingenuousness of Roosevelt's dealings with the American people immediately before World War II.

Stylistically, the book exhibits that rare commodity, really fine expository prose. If there is anyone today whose writing is a more exact, flexible and obedient instrument of his intellect than is that of Edmund Wilson, his name does not readily come to mind.

CALVIN D. LINTON

THE NOVEL OF VIOLENCE IN AMERICA. By W. M. Frohock. *Southern Methodist University Press. $4.50.*

This is a revised and enlarged edition of a book which first appeared in 1950. Professor Frohock discerns in the modern American novel, which he calls "the novel of violence," two "strains of sensibility." One leads to "the novel of erosion" (Dos Passos, Wolfe, Farrell) in which time is an endless flow reducing the hero and his violent actions to insignificance. The other leads to "the novel of destiny" (Hemingway, Steinbeck, Faulkner) in which time appears as limitation: the hero indulges in violent action to accomplish something before time runs out. "The novel of erosion" approximates the form of lyric poetry; "the novel of destiny" approximates the form of drama.

Such a thesis is valuable if it throws light on the works in question. But in discussing the individual novelists, Professor Frohock recurs only sporadically to his thesis; his more interesting observations haven't much to do with it. Nor does he answer the most interesting question raised by the book—how violence in modern American novels differs from violence in the novels of other countries and periods. Without the special insights that might have derived from his thesis, his discussions of the big names mentioned above are fairly routine. I enjoyed rather more his discussions of Cain, Caldwell and Agee, if only because little has been written on these men.

ROBERT LANGBAUM

THE FRONTIER MIND: A Cultural Analysis of the Kentucky Frontiersman. By Arthur K. Moore. *University of Kentucky Press. $5.00.*

In the preface the author states that he was attracted by the Kentucky frontiersman when he learned that "some of the more troublesome, not to say harmful, attitudes of the present were traceable to presumptions about man and society which noisily declared themselves on the frontier." His book is aimed at showing that America has not "produced her own intellectual capital," presumably because of the bequest of the frontier mind.

In the eleven chapters, with many excursions into the byways, the thesis is developed that Kentucky is the key to the American frontier: it was there that the first frontiersmen emerged, the Boones became subjects for the literary folk back East, and primitivism and progress struggled for control. It was this frontier that first abandoned the European heritage and paved the way for political isolationism, materialism and empty-headed Babbitts.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The wondrous dream of the New Garden of Eden came to nought for the frontier rejected the grand traditions of Western civilization.

With the author's premises and conclusions this reviewer could quarrel. Was Kentucky the typical frontier or did the peculiar struggle there in the Revolutionary era make it unique? Were not all frontiersmen just people who had outrun their institutions and were less literate, less attached to peaceful solution of problems, less devoted to theological aspects of religion? Were not the hunters and half-horse, half-alligator pioneers replaced by those who established the institutions of Western Europe as modified by the needs of the hour? Do not the historians today say that the frontier accepted and modified the Western heritage and did not create its own civilization? Did the quality of civilization deteriorate in Frankfort and Omaha just because the first wave of frontiersmen outran their institutions? If this thesis is right—that the evils of our day are based on the rejection of the European heritage—then the frontier influence has been greater and longer-lasting than Turner might have believed.

WALKER D. WYMAN

ROOTS OF SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT: A Cultural Perspective. Edited by Philip P. Wiener and Aaron Noland. *Basic Books. $8.00.*

Thirty-three essays from twenty-nine authors have been here assembled into four sections by editors of the *Journal of the History of Ideas.* For each section the editors have prepared valuable introductions, that of Section 2 being credited to Professor A. C. Crombie. The sections are in order of time and development, beginning with the classical heritage and carrying down to the present.

As the editors are careful to point out, this is not a history of science. Neither is it a book by scientists. Its authors are by vocation students of language, literature, history and philosophy. Yet even a cursory examination shows the lot of them to be philosophers in spirit, who understand very well indeed what the scientist has been about through the centuries. Perhaps the dominant impression left by what they have written is that the truly creative minds in science have also been philosophical.

There is today much concern over the fact that, with a few notable exceptions, the germinal ideas in science have come from Europe, and that mere cleverness and dexterity are creative only in a secondary sense. Perhaps in such a chastened mood those responsible for training young American scientists may be willing to require their protégés to read deeply into this volume and others like it. Surely some time can be spared from calibrations and reckonings to make the degree of Doctor of Philosophy mean what it says.

PAUL B. SEARS

FROM EARTHQUAKE, FIRE AND FLOOD. By R. Hewitt. *Scribner's. $3.95.*

The most praiseworthy feature of this book is the series of excellent photographs with which it is illustrated. The text is distinctly amateurish, both in its attempt to deal with the principles and theories of modern science and in its literary style. It describes many of the natural disasters —earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, floods and violent storms—that have destroyed lives and property at various places and times during the history of mankind, drawing extensively from eye-witness accounts whenever possible. Appropriately, for a book printed in Great Britain, there is reference to the few earthquakes that have damaged property in the British Isles, as well as descriptions of the Lynmouth flood and the destruction wrought by storms in coastal regions. Most of the disasters selected for treatment are, however, such well-known events as the San Francisco earthquake, the eruptions of Vesuvius, Krakatoa and Pelee, and the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, flood in 1889.

KIRTLEY F. MATHER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FICTION AND THE UNCONSCIOUS. By Simon O. Lesser. Preface by Ernest Jones. *Beacon. $5.00.*

Compared to other Freudian books on literature, this is a masterpiece of scholarship. Compared to other works of literary criticism, it is a hard-selling Freudian pitch aimed at the last pockets of reader-resistance.

Unlike those Freudians who explain why writers write, Mr. Lesser (no Freudian by trade, but an ex-professor of literature) uses motivational research techniques to explain why readers read. Making a skillful use of the best scholarship in both fields, he reduces literature to its "primary" function as compensation, wish fulfillment or defense against anxiety—that is, to our laziest motives for reading light-weight fiction. These motives then become a synonym for the human condition. Composed half of social frustrations (as laid down in Freud's *Civilization and Its Discontents*) and half of "Oedipus Complex" (used here as a synonym for all erotic and familial conflicts, if not for drama itself), this condition is alleviated not only by Spillane, but even more efficiently by Sophocles. Thus literature is reduced not to the worst but the best psychotherapy available.

Such reductions cannot be blamed on psychoanalysts; they are built into the modern vocabulary of motive derived from naturalism. Mr. Lesser does not ignore the contradictory set of values preserved in literature; like any good naturalist, he simply ignores their difference from his own. As a literary man, he trades on them. As a naturalist, he would (if he were logical) destroy them. As a psychologist, he hopes (however unconsciously) to have it both ways: hopes that by reducing the human to the natural—by reducing *meaning* to the motives of an animal or child—he can thereby explain the human. But such translations, useful enough to the medical arts of therapy, make a risky approach to the verbal arts. Reading and writing are hopelessly unnatural pursuits, to which no sensible animal would aspire.

So while this is by far the best explanation of literature in psychoanalytic terms, what we need is an explanation of psychoanalysis in traditional terms of literature.

MARJORIE FARBER

GILBERT: His Life and Strife. By Hesketh Pearson. *Harper. $4.50.*

This biography is inspired by a fondness for its subject, which in turn wins the reader. Mr. Pearson, who years ago wrote an engaging book on the famous collaborators, now returns to consider more deeply the senior partner, for it was Gilbert who was the initiating spirit and the efficient manager.

For the present work Mr. Pearson has fortunately obtained access to material heretofore inaccessible—Gilbert's diaries, correspondence and other papers—which sheds corrective light on a complex, often misunderstood character.

It is the "strife" of the present title on which undue emphasis has been placed. True, Gilbert was difficult, touchy, cantankerous; but he was quick to make amends. His friendships survived his tantrums, his affections were generous, his marriage a lifelong love affair.

His influence on the theater of his day and of our day was incalculably for the good. He was the first dramatist to insist on the right to have his manuscript presented without managerial alteration. He crusaded for improved conditions for actors, and did much to better both their professional and social status. As Pearson says: "He believed in doing good but not that it was necessary to accept a dogma in order to do it."

Gilbert was incredibly contemptuous of the triumphs of his light operas: "I have been scribbling twaddle for thirty-five years to suit the public taste."

Understandably, the emphasis in this delightful book is on the man rather than on his work. We shall doubtless never be let in on the great secret, the day-by-day G. and S. method of composition, the discussions, rejections, revisions, accommodations —that special alchemy which distilled the ultimate harmony and the golden fusion.

MELVILLE CANE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Reader Replies

THE READER REPLIES *carries miscellaneous comments by readers and authors on various articles which have appeared in the magazine. All communications should be addressed to: The Editor,* THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, *1811 Q Street, N.W., Washington 9, D. C. Because of limitations of space, we cannot guarantee to print all letters received.*

—EDITOR

Though it has been many months since the publication of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR Autumn edition of "Faiths for a Complex World," I do not feel it is too late to express my feelings about this issue—particularly since I am still reading it and expect to indefinitely. I turn to it as often as I am in need of reaffirmation of meaning and existence in a time of personal and universal dismay.

As a woman, I feel that Cid Ricketts Sumner's piece says in a few pages all and more, and more lucidly, what Anne Morrow Lindberg attempted a few years ago. Particularly the paragraph about "dipping one's fingers in the stew" seems to me to be the essence of why "modern" woman is so restless and troubled with her portion of existence.

JEAN K. CANTOR
Scarsdale, New York

* * *

I have read THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR since its origin and always find satisfaction therein. I particularly wish to comment on the department written by Joseph Wood Krutch: this is always delightful and says so well some of the things I believe. (Can one enjoy anything more than hearing his own ideas well expressed?) In the Autumn issue, Mr. Krutch spoke of the widespread tendency to attribute so much to "traumata" in childhood, overlooking the probability that children might have worthwhile spontaneous ideas. All of this so harmonizes with the views I have developed in many years of working with children, as a psychiatrist, that I simply could not refrain from stating my pleasure. The department by Professor Krutch has again and again made the SCHOLAR a valuable literary addition. And all in all, you can gather that I like it.

FORREST N. ANDERSON
Van Nuys, California

* * *

Joseph Wood Krutch's search for an absolute [AS: Autumn, 1957] is understandable, but he assumes so much en route. I should like to ask him:

Who rears children on the theory of "uncritical love"? Who even advocates it?

If anyone has been so reared, how does Mr. Krutch know he is less happy than anyone else?

Which American laws say young people are not "responsible" for their acts?

How does he know juvenile delinquency is increasing?

If, as Mr. Krutch believes, justice is treating people "as they deserve," how should juvenile delinquents be treated? And would it make any difference to Mr. Krutch's judgment whether they were "responsible" or not?

GWYNN NETTLER
Houston, Texas

* * *

"Uncritical love" has been recommended in those words by Brock Chisholm of the World Health Organization.

Nowhere in my article do I claim to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"know" that a child raised on it "is less happy than anyone else."

The other questions raised by Miss Nettler seem intended primarily to express her disagreement with what she takes to be the implications of my remarks, and they are rhetorical—at least to the extent that they can hardly expect to be answered within the limits of a letter. Under no circumstances could I answer them fully or conclusively, and I fear she will not be especially gratified by my assurance that it is my firm intention to discuss elsewhere and at length the general area of opinion to which they refer.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
Tucson, Arizona

* * *

I, for one, am surprised that Margaret Mead's "Comment" on Alfred Werner's "Germany's New Flagellants" [AS: Spring, 1958] could find space in a journal of the stature of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Her attempt to explain recent history in terms of a *mystique* (national "character structure"), rather than in terms of the political, social and economic realities of the post-Napoleonic era, is, in itself, incredible. But her invidious comparison of an Anglo-Saxon, or Anglo-American, with a German "code" seems, to me at least, to suggest a little racism all her own in Dr. Mead's point of view.

GEORGE F. J. LAMOUNTAIN
Grand Rapids, Michigan

* * *

I am afraid this correspondent is not fully informed about the type of national character studies which are a branch of cultural anthropology. They are based on the assumption that there are no demonstrated racial differences in such matters as intelligence, artistic gift, integrity, et cetera, but that all such observed differences between cultures may be attributed to the cultural experience itself, as societies are subject—to use Mr. LaMountain's own phrase—to "political, social and economic realities," and so develop different cultures. A national character structure is that part of an individual's culturally patterned personality which may be attributed to the national institutions under which he is reared or has lived for long periods—the army, civil service, educational and taxation systems, a national press, et cetera—and which he shares with other members of his nation. Individuals of any race may share such a character, and those who have acquired such a character may modify it by becoming members of another culture. When the question of a peaceful and orderly world is raised, different nations will make different useful contributions and also present obstacles to any solution attempted. When such problems are raised it is impossible not to place nations in different rank order in regard to such traits as: degree of political responsibility taken by the citizenry; overvaluation of their own culture, habitual denigration of some one or many other national groups; valuation of isolation from world affairs, et cetera. If one is to adopt the cliché that all comparisons are invidious —as they are to someone—a comparative study of human societies would be impossible.

MARGARET MEAD
New York, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Random House books

The Underground City

By H. L. Humes. "Magnificent . . . an amazingly fine and thoughtful novel. . . . The Paris scenes are particularly evocative of the sights and smells and peculiar nostalgia of that city . . . ambassadorial parties, journalistic binges, political conspiracies, love affairs—sacred and profane."—CHICAGO TRIBUNE

755 pages, $4.95

Man in Modern Fiction

By Edmund Fuller. Devastating and witty appraisals of James Jones, Norman Mailer, Nelson Algren, Tennessee Williams, Herman Wouk, Jack Kerouac, the concept of the "beat" generation, the "new compassion," sex and censorship, conformity.

$3.50

Orpheus at Eighty

By Vincent Sheean. A splendid new biography of the stormy life of Giuseppe Verdi, composer, revolutionary, gentleman of society.

$5.00

Entry E

By Richard Frede. A startling novel about college life by a new voice from the unsilent generation.

$3.50

Poems of a Jew

By Karl Shapiro. A remarkable collection from the work of one of America's most original poets.

$3.50

At all bookstores, Random House, New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOLLINGEN SERIES

XX•11 **PSYCHOLOGY AND RELIGION: WEST AND EAST**
The Collected Works of C. G. Jung, Volume 11
Translated by R. F. C. Hull. Sixteen studies, including *Answer to Job*. 6" x 9", 720 pp. *$6.00*

XXX•3 **MAN AND TIME**
Papers from the Eranos Yearbooks, Volume 3
Edited by Joseph Campbell. Twelve papers on the philosophical concept of time. 6" x 9", 464 pp. *$5.00*

XXXV•4 **PAINTING AND REALITY**
The A. W. Mellon Lectures in the Fine Arts, 1955
By Etienne Gilson. The reality proper to paintings and their relation to nature. 7½" x 10", xxiv + 367 pp., 116 half-tone illustrations. *$7.50*

XL•3 **MYTHOLOGICAL PAPYRI**
Egyptian Religious Texts and Representations, Vol. 3
Texts translated with introduction by Alexandre Piankoff; edited, with a chapter on symbolism, by N. Rambova. 9" x 12", xviii + 221 pp., color frontispiece, portfolio of 30 papyri on folding collotype plates, boxed. *$35.00*

XLV•7 **THE ART OF POETRY**
The Collected Works of Paul Valèry, Volume 7
Edited by Jackson Mathews. Translated by Denise Folliot with an introduction by T. S. Eliot. Twenty-eight essays. 4⅞" x 8", ca. 350 pp. *$4.50*

L•1 **THE NOTEBOOKS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE**
Volume 1: 1794–1804
Edited by Kathleen Coburn. A double volume (text and notes, entries 1–1842) inaugurating this first complete edition. 6" x 9", xlii + 546 pp., xliv + 615 pp., 4 plates, boxed. *$12.50*

LIII **BEAUTYWAY: A NAVAHO CEREMONIAL**
Edited with commentaries by Leland C. Wyman. Text of the myth translated by Fr. Berard Haile. Sandpaintings recorded by Maud Oakes, F. J. Newcomb, and L. A. Armer. 7½" x 10", xii + 219 pp., 16 silkscreen prints. *$8.50*

Distributed by PANTHEON BOOKS, INC., 333 Sixth Ave., New York 14
For detailed catalogue write to BOLLINGEN SERIES, 140 E. 62 St., New York 21

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED